THE DESTRUCTION OF Jeruſalem BY Titus Veſpaſian.

In two PARTS.

As it was Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *CROWNE.*

PART the Firſt.

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TO HER

GRACE

THE

DUTCHESSE

OF

PORTSMOUTH.

BEauty (Madam) has received from Nature a Dominion ſo pleaſing, that Men contend not with more ambition for Empire over their own Sex, than ſubjection to Yours. Kings have worn Your Sexes Chains with as much pleaſure as their Crowns, and Conquerours have followed Your Triumphs with as much delight as they have ſeen their own attended by Kings: A Dominion ſo Abſolute, that all Your Commands are Laws. Indeed Princes who are beloved, ſhall be Abſolute, their Subjects will force Arbitrary Power upon 'em: Nothing enſlaves like Love, Force binds our Hands, but Love Captivates our Hearts; how Abſolute then muſt Beauty be? No man yet ever had the Will much leſs the Power to Rebel againſt it. They who ſhould ſeek to Depoſe it, would begin a Civil War in their own Boſoms, and lay waſte and ruinate the moſt delightful Poſſeſſions of their Minds. And (laſtly) ſo large, that it finds Subjects where it finds Men: Its Empire extends as far as Humane Nature, and its Spoils are all that's excellent in the whole Creation. But Men claim to be Subjects of its Empire as the Birthright of Reaſon, and eſteem that (too) as one of Reaſon's great Advantages. Beaſts are excluded that Claim; cannot be naturalized into that Dominion, for want of the ennoblements of Reaſon. Men are exalted to love Beauty by the ſame faculty which lifts 'em to adore Heaven; and there is a kind of Divinity in Beauty, which makes Love to be a kind of Religion: Beauty is certainly the faireſt viſible Image of Divinity in the World. The Ancients, therefore, built Temples and Altars to it, and ranked it amongſt Celeſtial Powers. We Chriſtians have much ado to abſtain from that Idolatry; however we pay it as high Honours, though under other Names. That theſe, Madam, are the Rights and Poſſeſſions of Beauty, you cannot but know; that they are therefore yours all the World knows, but you. But, Madam, wrong your Beauty in your own opinion as much as you pleaſe, you cannot injure it in others; the Sun will ſhine though you wink, and you will be Fair, whether you regard it or no. And, that Beauty will have Empire, how great may ap-

pear by the many and mighty Conqueſts it makes; and in a Nation too where you have ſuch numerous and conſiderable Rivals for that Dominion, ſome perhaps as powerful as any in the World; You, like the Goddeſs of Beauty, gain the Golden Ball, not from humble Mortals, but your fellow Goddeſſes. How clear a Title you have to it, I ſhall not ſay, for I ſhall not pleaſe you by it, and I ſhall diſpleaſe them: Nothing is ſo hateful to the Conquered as to be upbraided with their Misfortune: But certainly how mean an opinion ſoever you have, Heaven has none, of that Workmanſhip which he takes care to plant ſuch Lights of Glory round about to ſhew: And though Nature might have diſcovered you to more advantage in a greater Empire, and by brighter Lights of Fortune, yet it proves how fond ſhe was of that Fair Idea which ſhe was not able to Conceal. They then who admire you, ſhew but their good Manners to Nature and Providence, in Commending Nature's Workmanſhip, and Providence's choice of a Favourite. But I fear the many Fair Ones, over whom you Triumph, will think themſelves treated by this Diſcourſe with too much Inſolence; however I am ſure they will not grutch you the few Flowers that a poor Poet brings to ſtrew in your way, eſpecially when they come from Gardens warm'd by the luſter of your Favour; and Watered by Royal Bounty, which you caus'd to be ſhower'd upon it: Moved to it by no Friends of mine; for I had few; by no Merits, for I had fewer; but only by your own excellent Mind. How many attractives then have the following Poems to excuſe their preſſing into your Preſence? They attend you not only as born in general Vaſſalage to your Beauty, but as Creatures that received life from the concurrence of your Favour. I am now engaging in another Theme more ſafe than the former, I ſhall anger neither Sex by expatitaing on an Excellence which will contract you no envy, your Patronage of Wit, that Province you may enjoy without any Trouble from Multitudes of Pretenders, you need not fear leſt the Ambitious Great Ones of either Sex Invade you in it. No (Heaven be thanked) we live in an Age wherein Men are content to want it, and to let others poſſeſs as much of it as they pleaſe: We need no Laws to ſecure us in the Poſſeſſion of that propriety. Witty Men indeed do often quarrel with one another about it, becauſe they know the value of it; others think it not worth contending for: Againſt it indeed they often ſtrive, and they have reaſon, it treats 'em rudely, will have no friendſhip no acquaintance with them, will make no court to 'em, will ſcarcely lend 'em a little Sence for common Converſation: This carriage I muſt confeſs is very provoking, eſpecially when to men of Quality. They have cauſe to be angry with it, and to revenge themſelves of it, as they often ſeek to do, by thruſting it out of their own, or any favour which might advantage it, ſetting up Faſhions, Dreſſes, or any thing in the Room of it. Your Grace then muſt both know and value the Jewel well, which you will take up and wear, when it is not only flung into the Dirt by others, but trod upon. And wear it ſafely you may. Wit may dreſs you in all the luſter it has, and never endanger you a blaſting from the faſcinations of envious and malignant eyes. But though by aſcribing this praiſe to you I diſpleaſe not others, I fear I ſhall your Grace, for by protecting

tecting a deſpiſed Quality you could not aim at praiſe: Beſides praiſe being one of the vaineſt pleaſures of Mankind, ſo excellent a mind cannot nor need not delight in it: You may find ſatisfaction enough at home, you need not go abroad for happineſs. And we who place your Statues in our Gardens, add no glory to you, only make our own Walks delighted in by our ſelves, and frequented by others, which elſe would lye neglected by both. I fix then your Grace's Image at this *Jewiſh* Temple Gate, to render the Building Sacred, nor can the *Jews* be angry with ſo Beautiful a Profanation; and in guiding them to you, they are conducted like their Anceſtors to repoſe and happineſs, in the moſt fair and delightful part of the World. There I ſhall leave 'em, and retire to the Contemplation of it, no moderate degree of happineſs to one who is with ſo much devotion,

MADAM,

Your Graces moſt Humble,

and moſt Obliged Servant,

JOHN CROWNE.

The Epiſtle to the READER.

Reader.

THE World having been kind to theſe Plays, I would not be ſo ungrateful to requite any of my Judges by giving 'em offence, at leaſt if I am ſo unhappy as to do it, I would not willingly let it paſs without ſome Apologie. I have raiſed up an Hero in theſe Plays, which appears to ſome pious Criticks to be an evil Spirit, and makes 'em to have no good Opinion of me for having ſuch familiarity with him. There are ſeveral things in his part, and particularly in a Scene of diſpute between him and his Miſtreſs, in the third Act in the ſecond Play, which I have been requeſted by many, and ſome very conſiderable Perſons not to Print. To comply with 'em I have left out ſome few things, and would willingly have done all, but that on ſecond thoughts I conſidered, the diſarming my Hero was tacitely to acknowledge him a braver Man than he is, and even yield him the better of the cauſe, I therefore thought it would be fairer dealing in the behalf of Truth, which needs no tricks, to expoſe him to all his advantages, ſo make the Victory of Truth the more glorious. And, Reader, If you will pleaſe to peruſe that Scene carefully, you will find he is no ſuch formidable Perſon as imagined, and is indebted for his Reputation more to others opinion and partiality, than his own ſtrength. He makes not one argument againſt Religion, and only evades thoſe that are made for it; as any one of ordinary capacity may eaſily diſcover. Indeed his cauſe will admit of no more. I was loth then to cut off no leſs than a whole limb of a Wretch, who if he had more Hands than Briareus, had too few to fight againſt Heaven: And certainly whatever I am imagined to have, I ſhewed him no great kindneſs in ſending him to ſtorm ſo impregnable a Tower, from whence any Child might throw him down. He might eaſier with Hercules pull up Trees by the Roots, than the notion of a Deity out of the Souls of Men. A Notion ſo ingrafted in us, it ſeems a part of us: Let Men ſtrive never ſo much to get at Liberty from it, any hair of their Heads will hold 'em. To Conclude, if I could have ſaid more for Atheiſm, it argues I have no great kindneſs for a Cauſe I have betray'd; If I ſaid all I could, I hope no one will believe me of an opinion for which I have ſo little to ſay.

This I think may ſuffice to recover my Reputation with theſe pious Criticks. Before I go home, I muſt viſit a Lady or two by the way, to pacifie if I can their diſpleaſure againſt this Scene alſo. They are angry not at Phraartes Vigorous talk againſt Religion, but that ſo Vigorous a Man ſhould talk at all; they expected on his return from a Victory, ſomething more pleaſing than a Diſpute. I confeſs they know much better than I what pleaſes their Sex; but at this preſent I was ſo unhappy as not to intend to pleaſe 'em. For having employ'd this and two Heros more, for almoſt ten Acts, in nothing elſe but Love, I thought I had given 'em enough for reaſonable Women, and might borrow this Hero to entertain the Men for a minute with a little reaſon, if it were but to give him ſome reſpite to breath: But I find 'tis harder to give ſome Ladies enough than I thought it was. Beſides, theſe Ladies may conſider, if they pleaſe, Phraartes makes not love to them, but Clarona, to whom a Diſcourſe of Love was not ſo pleaſing as to them, who care to hear nothing elſe; ſhe loved to talk of Religion ſometimes, which they never do

it

it ſeems. She would fain convert Phraartes, *which they would ne'er have troubled their heads about; he on the other hand had as great a zeal for her Body, and it concerned his Love as much to gain her to his opinions, as it did her Piety to gain him to hers; that this very diſpute is in purſuance of his Love, removing Religion, the main, only, and perpetual Obſtacle that lay in its way.*

But perhaps a man ought not to talk Reaſon in Love: I confeſs ſince Love has got the ſole poſſeſſion of the Stage, Reaſon has had little to do there; that effeminate Prince has ſoftned and emaſculated us the Vaſſals of the Stage. The Reaſon why the Off-ſprings of the Moderns are ſuch ſhort-liv'd things, is becauſe the Genii that beget 'em are ſo given to Women; they Court nothing but the Ladies Favours, with them they waſte all their ſtrength, whenas the luſty Ancients who fed on the wholeſome Diet of good Senſe, and uſed themſelves to the ſtrong manly exerciſes of Reaſon, have been the Fathers of Vigorous Iſſue, who have lived longer than the oldeſt Patriarchs, and are like to live as long as there are Men. I who am a Friend both to Love and good Senſe, endeavoured to reconcile 'em, and to bring Reaſon into favour, not with hopes to Rule; I deſired only to procure him ſome little Office in the Stage, but I find it made an uproar, Love would not endure ſuch an innovation, it threatned his ſettled Government; and Reaſon is not at all popular; the Ladies knew not what to make of his Converſation, and the men generally ſleep at it; that I ſee but little hopes of his Preferment; which I am ſorry for, ſince what Future being I ſhall enjoy, I ſhall owe ſolely to him. Titus *and* Berenice *as great Gallants as they have been in* France, *and as good a ſhew as they have made in* England, *have not ſuch a ſubſtantial Fortune to maintain them for Future Ages, but I am afraid will be reduced to depend on* Phraartes *for a livelihood. The whinings of Love, like a pretty new Tune, pleaſe for a while, but are ſoon laid aſide, and never thought of more; the ſame Notes perhaps may help to Compoſe another, but the old Air is altered, and for ever forgotten.*

But leſt it ſhould be imagined by this long defence, I ſuppoſe the Plays *to be correct: I acknowledg there are many faults in deſign, which I had no leiſure to mend; and many in Words and Phraſes which I had not Inclination. I love not too much carefulneſs in ſmall things. To be exact in trifles is the buſineſs of a little* Genius. *They therefore who pride themſelves much in their knowledg of Words and Phraſeology, boaſt of knowing little; for thoſe skills appear conſiderable to none, but them who know nothing. Something I intended alſo to ſay in Vindication of my ſelf from Theft; ſome Perſons accuſed me of Stealing the Parts of* Titus *and* Berenice *from the* French *Play written by Mr.* Racine *on the ſame Subject; but a Gentleman having lately Tranſlated that Play, and expoſed it to Publick View on the Stage, has ſaved me that labour, and Vindicated me better than I can my ſelf. I would not be aſhamed to Borrow, if my Occaſions compell'd me, from any rich Author: But all Foreign Coin muſt be Melted down, and receive a new Stamp, if not an addition of Metal, before it will paſs Current in* England, *and be judged Sterling: That Borrowing or Stealing from Mr.* Racine *could not have ſupplied my Occaſions; but I am not ſo Neceſſitous yet, nor have lived ſo Prodigally on my ſmall Stock of Poetry, to be put ſo ſoon to thoſe miſerable ſhifts.*

The

The NAMES *of the* PERSONS *in both Plays.*

Titus Veſpaſian.

Phraartes. A *Parthian* King driven out of his Country, by a Conſpiracy between the *Romans* and *Parthian* Rebels, comes to *Jeruſalem* with a Royal Train; falls in Love with *Clarona*, and for her ſake ſtays during the whole Siege.

Matthias. High Prieſt, and Governer of *Jeruſalem.*

Sagan. His Deputy.

Phineas. Prince of the *Sanhedrim*, or Supreme Council of *Jeruſalem.*

Tiberias. Commander of all the *Roman* Forces under *Titus Veſpaſian.*

Malchus. King of *Arabia,*
Antiochus. King of *Comagene,* } Allyes to *Titus Veſpaſian*, And aſſiſt him with Forces at the Siege of *Jeruſalem.*

John. A diſſembling Phariſaick *Jew*, made of *Matthias*'s Council, but betrays him, and falſly accuſes him to the Seditious.

Eleazar. A Leader of the Seditious.

Monobaſus. Brother to the King of *Adiabene*, a neighbouring Country to *Judea*, in love with Queen *Berenice.*

Queen *Berenice*, by Nation a *Jeweſs*; made Queen of *Judea*, and ſeveral bordering Provinces, by the *Romans.*

Clarona. Daughter to *Matthias.*

Semandra. }
Phedra. } Women to } Qu. *Berenice.* / *Clarona.*

Romans, Parthians, Phariſees, &c.

The

The PROLOGUE to the first Part.

A Poet lately by you sent to Hell
Justly, as he acknowledg'd when he fell:
His discontented Spirit walks around
This Stage, where he receiv'd his mortal Wound.
Seeking the reason why he walks, we find
'Tis to reveal hid Treasure left behind;
Not to build Tombs of honour to his Name,
But Ransome us his suff'ring Friends from shame.
Some thought because he had not on the Stage,
Ranted it oft in huffing Equipage,
Profusely lavish'd all his wealth away
On some one lov'd and perhaps jilting Play,
(As some unhappily have done before)
That living niggardly he died but poor;
As if that wasting were the way to gain,
A Maxime ner'e will within Ludgate *reign.*
Two Chests of Rubbish, which we Bullion *call,*
We find of his, our skill indeed is small,
Artists alone know Mettal in the Ore,
But if it Silver prove we still are poor;
If you Wit's Senators will judge it Brass;
You may instead of Gold make Leather pass,
As you have done sometimes by Soveraign Power.
And if you do, Wit has no Emperour
To whom he may appeal from your Decrees,
'Tis one of Wits severest destinies
Still by a damn'd Republick to be rul'd;
Where Men by names of Liberty are fool'd:
Where Vertues are by Vices still out-brav'd,
And bravest Men are oft by Slaves enslav'd.
Never was born a Monarch yet in Wit,
And none by force that Throne cou'd ever get,
Though Usurpation all of you design,
And every Senator's a Cataline.
Keep these great Plots among your own high Tribe,
But do not Slaves for Senators prescribe?
Poets are Slaves, who but for your delight,
Toil in the Muses Gardens day and night.
If blood you love, then stab some living Slave;
Let this dead wretch lie quiet in his Grave.

A SONG TO BE

Sung by *Levites* at the Temple Gates, on the opening of the Scene.

Day is dismounted on the watry Plain,
And Evening does begin to fold
Up Light's rich Cloth of Gold,
And Nature's Face the Night begins to stain.
Holy Angels round us keep,
While our Sense dissolves in sleep.
While the half of us is dead
Let the living half be lead
To your Gardens, to your Bowers,
Where you pass your pleasing hours.
Treat within your heav'nly Tents
Your Brethren Spirits thus in state
While they wait
The leisure of their slumbring Sense.

THE

THE DESTRUCTION OF Jeruſalem.

The Firſt PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain drawn, the Brazen Gates of the Temple appear; Muſick is heard within. Above, without the Temple, as in the Womens Court, behind guilded Lettices, appear Queen Berenice *and* Clarona *at their Devotion.*

Enter Phraartes *and* Monobazus.

Phra. HA! at Devotion ſtill? Can the tir'd Air
Obtain no truce from Sacrifice and Prayer?
They are importunate, with their great Power,
They let him ſcarce enjoy one quiet hour;
But ply him ſtill with Sacrifice ſo faſt,
He's Cloy'd with new, ere he digeſts the laſt.
Theſe are gay Splendid follies!
Monob. Something more,
If we own Gods; we muſt thoſe Gods adore.
Phra. 'Tis true! And Heaven does in no place appear,
Treated with ſuch Magnificence as here.
Monob. I like it well.
Phra. And I, for I confeſs,
Were I a God I would exact no leſs.
But this Romantick Tale of Gods and Fate,
Takes well, and is a uſeful Art of State,
Which the fond world into ſubjection brings.
Monob. Since you diſpute a Power Supream to Kings,
What Gods may in your Kingdom Worſhipt be?

Phraar. None—— Or if any, the Slaves Worſhip me,
Though now a Villain does prophane my Throne;
But his baſe blood ſhall ſoon his guilt attone:
But you, who ſo devout and grave wou'd ſeem,
With whom theſe Powers are in ſuch great eſteem,
Who are your Heavenly Lords?

Monob. We proſtrate fall
To our own Gods alone; but rev'rence all.
And if we err 'tis on the ſafeſt hand;
All own ſome Power that does the World Command:
Even mighty *Rome* bows to Celeſtial Powers.

Phraar. She does—— but lower to her Emperors.
But (ah! my Friend!) thou haſt reviv'd my ſhame,
My blood is fir'd at that inſulting name.
But all her Idols ſhall my Chains repent,
I'le make her Gods and her leſs inſolent.

Monob. Since to this place you did your Fortunes guide,
Your envious Stars have ſeem'd to Change their ſide:
The glorious things you in ſhort time have done
Have this throng'd City's Admiration wone.
they Idolize your name, and boaſt with Pride,
To their great Race of Kings you are ally'd.
Exalted hopes they on your Valour build,
Look to have Prophecies in you fulfill'd.

Phraar. I ſmall reſpects ſhou'd to my Kindred pay,
Did not Imperious Love command my ſtay.

Monob. The ſame inſulting power confines me here,
And ſee, our lovely Goddeſſes appear.

[*Both turn towards the Temple.*

Phraar. Divine *Clarona*!

Monob. And the beautious Queen!——

Phraar. Kneel, to whom Gods might on their Knees be ſeen.
Ill-manner'd Powers; with a regardleſs Eye,
Can you behold ſuch beauty proſtrate lye?

Monob. How bright a Viſion entertains my Eyes, [*aſide.*
Whilſt I am doom'd to endleſs miſeries?
Like one ſhut out from Heav'n, the glories there
Torment his ſight, and add to his deſpair.

Phraar. I'le raiſe 'em up; for I reſentments feel,
That Creatures ſo Divine ſo long ſhould kneel.

[*Proffers to go, and is ſtopt by* Monobazus.

Monob. Hold! they are now on ſome uncommon Rite,
To which this Evening they their Gods invite:
Queen *Berenice* (who not by birth alone,
As their Kings Daughter, claims the *Jewiſh* Throne;
But as ſucceſſour to her Brother ſlain,
O're many neighbouring Provinces does Reign;

And

And by her beauty rules both them and *Rome*!)
Is lately from *Veſpaſian*'s Army come,
In part to tender her loſt Nation peace,
And take their humble State in its diſtreſs,
To the protection of her conquering Eyes,
And partly for the great Solemnities
Theſe devout Tribes to their dead Kindred pay,
If their own Laws and Cuſtoms they'l obey.
Phraar. 'Tis fit they ſhould, chiefly when Princes dye,
Kings ſhould not ſleep without Solemnity.
Monob. For this ſome time ſh' as in *Jerus'lem* ſtaid;
Mean while the Croud, by frantick Rebels ſwai'd,
From their own Governors and Prieſts revolt,
And every moment the Queens Life aſſault.
This, Royal Sir, you by experience know,
For to your Sword ſhe does her ſafety owe.
Phraar. Rather to yours, brave Friend, that honour's due!
I only ſeek in Fame to Rival you.
Monob. You're to your own unjuſt. But now the Queen,
Who the whole time has rudely treated been,
Weary'd with Clamours and Devotion too,
Has thoughts of bidding them and Heav'n adieu:
Some ſay to Night ſhe'll towards the Camp repair,
And take her leave of Sacrifice and Prayer.
Howe're ſhe now does her laſt Offerings make,
Whilſt from their Oracles they Counſel take.
Phraar. Valour's the only Oracle of War!
Let 'em ask that, and their vain Altars ſpare.
But the great Ceremony does conclude;
When Gods retire, poor Mortals may intrude.

The Gates open, and Matthias, Sagan, *and another Prieſt come out of the Sanctuary. Loud Muſique plays.* Phineas, John, Phariſees *enter on one ſide of the Stage, Queen* Berenice *and* Clarona *on the other.* Matthias *whiſpers* John *and the* Phariſees, *who immediately after go off.* Phraartes *and* Monobazus *addreſs themſelves in dumb ſhew to* Clarona *and* Berenice. *The Muſique at length ceaſes, and* Matthias *thus ſpeaks to the Queen.*

Matth. Now, Madam, we with ſolemn thanks muſt own,
The Royal pity to your Nation ſhown:
You from the ſtormy Cloud that hovers o're
This Town, deſcend like a relenting Power,
Into your ſacred Guardianſhip to take
A diſtreſt place, which Earth and Heaven forſake:
But oft, as when the fatal hour draws nigh
Of ſome great Man, whom pain compels to dye,
His ſtrugling powers with ſcorn their ſentence take,

And 'mongst themselves do a Rebellion make:
Then on his own distorted Limbs does seize,
And there chastise weak Nature's Cowardise:
But thinks the while, he has with Monsters fought,
And horrid shapes are in his fancy wrought;
So in distracting pangs our Nation lyes,
As if depriv'd of sence with Miseries.
Tearing it self, and haunted with a Fiend
That does to Zeal and Piety pretend;
And fills their cheated thoughts with Axes, Rods,
Chains, Death, and all the List of Heathen Gods:
That every thing is a false God they see,
And all they do is Zeal and Piety;
But if the hated Name of *Rome* they hear,
Then they in frantick Agonies appear:
Rending the Air with a fanatick Cry
Of Tyrants, *Rome*, new Gods, Idolatry.

Phine. Yes, Madam, this is our unhappy state;
Nay, all that *Rome* adores they so much hate,
They fly at you, 'cause your commanding Eyes,
Are great *Vespasian*'s Gods and Destinies:
And if what he adores they can prophane,
They boast as if they had a *Dagon* slain.

Q. Bere. Yes, I their zeal to my dishonour prove,
They boldly would prescribe me whom to love:
I not alone must quit a glorious State,
And all the Crowns that on my passion wait;
But the whole power of Love I must repeal,
To please I know not what fantastique zeal.
I love, and long have lov'd; nor count it shame
If to the World my passion I proclaim,
For the renown of him I love, may hide
A Princess blushes, and excuse her pride.

Monob. Oh! My stab'd heart! What killing words I hear!
What torturing pangs must I in silence bear? [*Aside.*

Phraar. Oh! Divine Musique! hearken fairest Saint! [*To* Clarona.
When will your Angel-voice my Ears enchant
With such a Song might ravish Gods or Kings,
And make the Crowing *Cupids* clap their Wings?

Claro. When from all goodness I my thoughts remove,
Then Heav'n perhaps may punish me with Love.

Phraar. Oh! May you assume to such a height with speed,
The Gods may in your punishment exceed!
Be so severe, no heart that e're despis'd
The Sacred power of love was so chastis'd.

Q. Bere. And now their frenzy at a passion flies,
In which, more than in Arms, their safety lies:

One

One ſmile of mine can *Cæſar* more ſubdue,
Than the whole Univerſe in Arms can do:
Yet is my Life in ſo much danger here,
Each hour ſome barbarous aſſault I fear;
Nay, coming guarded with a ſlender Train,
I had, on my approach to Town, been ſlain
By a fierce Ambuſh for my Chariot laid,
Had not my Angel guided to my Aid
This generous Prince unknown, who ever ſince [*To* Monob.
Has ſtill employ'd his Sword in my defence;
And to the King I grateful muſt appear, [*Turning to* Phraar.
Whoſe Sword obliges me with ſafety here.

Sag. To King *Phraartes*'s Sword our lives, our Town,
Altars and Temples their protection own!

Phraar. Beauty and Gods to worſhip men pretend,
And what they worſhip they ſhould ſtill defend;
And they alike in my protection ſhare,
Becauſe they equally defenceleſs are.

Matth. Well, Madam, ſince our Crowds thus rude appear,
We are unworthy of your preſence here.
But now the Feaſt of Paſſover draws nigh,
The yearly triumph of Divinity;
When to his Temple all our Tribes repair
From every Nation, where they ſcatter'd are;
To ſound his praiſe, and at his Altars wait,
The old Deliverance to commemorate:
When our good Angel *Egypt*'s firſt-born ſlew,
And all our Tribes from bondage drew;
And through retiring Seas a paſſage made,
Whilſt Kings and Elements our Powers obey'd;
This Feaſt we hope you'll with your Preſence grace,
The chief remain of all our Royal Race.

Q. Beren. I gladly would to Heav'n my Tribute pay,
But great Affairs will not admit my ſtay:
Part of my ſolemn Invitation here
Was the due honour I the Memory bear
Of King *Agrippa*, my dear Brother ſlain,
Of our high blood the hope and great remain;
Whoſe Royal life by fatal honour loſt,
Your State a Friend, and me this ſorrow coſt.

Monob. Gods! how I tremble at the words I hear, [*Aſide.*
Little thinks ſhe his Murd'rer ſtands ſo near:
And leſs that her fair Eyes revenge his Blood,
Ev'n on his heart by whom he was ſubdu'd.

Q. Beren. When I the Royal Body can obtain,
From thoſe with whom it Captive does remain,
Here in ſome Tomb, that does devoutly keep

Our

Our Fathers Sacred Aſhes, it ſhall ſleep:
Mean while in Honour of his Royal Name,
To pay my Vows and Offerings here I came;
And now my publick Mourning days expire,
My own affairs command me to retire:
But whereſoe're I ſhall my progreſs bend,
Your Laws and State have an Eternal Friend.

Phraar. And whereſoe're I this bright Beauty ſee, [*to* Clarona.
That place ſhall more than Sacred be to me.

Matth. My Daughter, Sir, you too much Honour ſhow. [*to* Phraartes.
For what your bounty, Madam, would beſtow,
We pay our thanks, but we have all decreed,
We in *Jeruſalem*'s defence will bleed.
We think we War againſt the Gods of *Rome*,
And all that dye have Crowns of Martyrdome:
But though we *Roman* Gods and Tyrants hate,
To your Commands we gladly bow our State:
And the ſmall time you ſtay command as Queen,
With all the ſtate our Kings have treated been.

[*Guards for the King and Queen.* {*Ex.* Phraartes, Monobazus, Berenice *and* Clarona,

Matth. Now with Heavens praiſes we the day have clos'd,
Some hours in Counſel might be well diſpos'd;
For though we have ſuppreſt the Rebels powers,
And cloſe confin'd them in their Vaults and Towers,
'Tis ſaid to *Edom* they've for aid addreſt,
To ſave poor Saints by Tyranny oppreſt.
And fifteen thouſand Arbiters of State
Are on their March, the bus'neſs to debate:
But though we ſlight theſe Advocates defence,
We yet may fear our Pris'ners Inſolence:
Therefore their angry minds a while to pleaſe,
I ſent a Train of devout Phariſees,
The only men the Zealots now adore,
Led too by *John* our new-made Counſellor,
To ask with mildneſs what is their intent?

Phin. Yes, but I wiſh you better Men had ſent:
'r, Sir, in ſhort, your Counſels are betray'd,
hn and the Phariſees unite their Aid
'o undermine your power; the Phariſees
Their own revengeful humour to appeaſe,
Becauſe of late you wiſely, Sir, have checkt
The pride and growth of that uſurping Sect.

Sag. And th' other Trator by deſigns like theſe
To creep in power by unperceiv'd degrees:
For which he does all Villany contemn,
He fawns on us, and then he prays with them.

To

To every Art and ſubtlety he flies,
Them he deludes with Prayers, and us with lies.
The holy Place he viſits every hour,
But 'tis to whiſper in the Rebels Tower;
What we conſult, where to deceive the Rout,
He is at once both perjur'd and devout:
And does at once both Parties Cheat and pleaſe,
Out-faces us, out-whines the *Phariſees*;
Who ſee his ſubtle Crafts, yet truſt him ſtill,
In love to falſhood and his dextrous skill.
Matth. All theſe Myſterious Characters I've read,
And ſeen the lurking Treachery that's hid
In humble fawnings, and in fierce pretence
To each punctilio of obedience.
For I'm aſſur'd their Treacheries infus'd
Thoſe Falſe ſurmiſes, which the Crowd abus'd;
But they ſhall find I ſo much Treaſon hate,
From Foes and Traytors too I'le guard the ſtate:
But they return ——— [*Enter* John *and two or three Phariſees.*
Joh. No hopes or means their furies to diſſwade?
Phin. Diſſembling Villain, we're by thee betray'd.
Joh. I'th' name of injur'd Piety I'd know
On whom you all theſe foul reproaches throw?
Phin. On thee, and that falſe Tribe, who on pretence
Of rigorous Piety and nice Innocence,
Craftily all our Intereſts devour,
And whine themſelves into Eſteem and Power;
Caſting ſuch Miſts before the Peoples eyes,
That none but they are thought devout or wiſe:
Then when they have made the Crowd our pow'r contemn,
We muſt be ſilent, or depend on them.
Joh. Sir, ſuch has bin my Service to the State,
That I diſdain to bring it in debate,
And therefore ſhall not offer a reply
To ſuch a falſe injurious Calumny.
But though my wrongs I can with patience bear,
Methinks my zeal's a little mov'd to hear
Theſe good and pious Men reproacht —— nay more,
Zeal and Religion wounded on their ſcore.
1. *Phari.* You 're bold, and know not whom you diſ-reſpect.
Phin. Yes; pious Sir, 'Tis an Imperious Sect,
Wherewith our Land has ſwarm'd Three Hundred Years,
Whoſe pride in your dividing name appears:
You by the Stile of Phariſees are known;
Proud Separatiſts who common Saints diſown:
And (as if you were of Diviner Birth)
The reſt you ſtile the people of the Earth.

Sag. From these in proud contempt your Sect with-draw,
For your Seraphick lives correct the Law:
And your Complections are so Nice and Fair,
You're sick, if you but tast a sinners Prayer.
But Gentiles with such Nauseous *Zeal* you fly,
As if the sight of them defil'd your eye:
And thus our Peoples hearts and wealths you steal;
Murder and Rob with Loyalty and Zeal;
And the fond Crowd into Rebellion draw;
Abuse our State, our Altars, and our Law.

Phin. And thou false Traytor, dost us all delude, [*To* John.
Both us, the Rebels, and the Multitude.

John. How! I delude!

Phin. Yes; we have Read the sense
Of all your Fawnings, Pray'rs and Diligence:
Such as false Fiends in active Duty pay
To cheated Souls, on whom they hope to prey.
Most wondrous kind and ready at each call,
Intending to betray and Dam 'em all.

Matth. Yes, you have not alone your trust betray'd,
But false Constructions on my Councils made,
As if to *Rome* I would my Country yield,
That by its fall I might my Greatness build:
A Crime I so much scorn——
I would not sell the Stones on which I tread,
For all the Crowns upon *Vespasian*'s head:
And now lest Justice should your Crimes prevent,
You to the *Edomites* for Aid have sent:
But if they shall press arm'd within the Gate,
I'le treat 'em here, as Enemies to th' State.
And then to shew how I their force despise,
I will the Rebels in their sight Chastise.

John. Ha! are my Arts and Policies descry'd? [*Aside.*
I must defend what 'tis in vain to hide.
Have I in your assistance wept and pray'd?
And now must all your guilt on me be lay'd?
This I deserve from Providence 'tis true,
But 'tis ungrateful wickedness in you.
Yet I, Heaven knows, did truth and peace intend,
But means should be as holy as the end:
But in this Treason I'le no longer share,
I'le to my shame the Mystery declare.
'Tis truth, my Friends, what these bad men have said, [*To the* Pharisees.
I'm an Impostor, you are all betray'd:
I promis'd Peace; but you are sold to *Rome*,
Defend your Altars, Lives, the *Romans* come.
Dark Compacts with Idolaters are made,

And

And they are haſt'ning to theſe Tyrants aide.
Who to ſecure the Power they ſo much prize,
To all the *Roman* Gods will Sacrifice.
Matth. Unheard of Impudence! the Fiends that fly
I'th' Air will ſhout at this amazing lye.
1 *Phar.* 'Tis truth! and in the Holy Cauſe we'll dye. [*All draw.*
To Arms! to Arms! Tyrants! Idolatry!
Matth. Hold, you deluded men! what frantick Rage
Has ſeiz'd you all? for what would you engage?
2. *Phar.* We to our Laws and Altars will be true.
Matth. And to the Gold about the Altars too.
1. *Phar.* That falſhood ſoon ſhall by our Swords be ſhewn.
Matth. You'll guard it from all Rapine but your own.
[*An Alarm without.*
But Hark! the City's fill'd with new Alarms!
Cloſe all the Gates.——The news? [*Enter a Levite.*
Levit. To Arms, to Arms!
The *Edomites* are come! we're all in blood,
Queen *Berenice* is aſſaulted by the Crowd,
Who as ſhe paſt beſet her Chariot round,
Where your fair Daughter has receiv'd a Wound.
At which the *Parthian* King made all give way,
And had his God entreated would not ſtay;
But with five hundred followers of his own,
Aſſiſted by his Friend the brave Unknown,
Plung'd in the Throng, whilſt both from Tow'rs and Walls
To the *Idumean* Troops a Rabble calls,
Crying ſave us, ſave *Jeruſalem*, and aſſiſt
Your Brethren, 'gainſt a proud uſurping Prieſt.
Phin. The Treaſon's out! now let's the Traytors ſeize.
Matth. Theſe are the Grand Seducers! fall on theſe.
[Phineas *and the Guard chace* John *and the Phariſees off the Stage.*
Matth. Now, haſte to th' *Edomites* without the Gate, [*To* Sagan.
And tell 'em they the impious pleaſures wait
Of Thieves, who Rob what they pretend to Guard;
And would their Aid with Sacriledge reward:
If on fair Terms they to depart deny,
Defend the Gates and with your Darts reply. [*Ex.* Sagan.
And now I, guarded by the ſole defence
Of theſe bleſt Robes and my own innocence,
Will to theſe Favourites of Heav'n, to know
What new Credentials they have now to ſhow.
For theſe proud Men their own Commiſſions Seal,
And place their ſole Authority on Zeal.
{Matthias *goes out, and the Temple Gates are clos'd, and a Guard plac'd.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

After Clashing and Shouts without.

Enter Phineas *and a* Levite. *Scene a Street.*

Phin. TRiumphant News! —— Let us our Voices raise,
And fill the Streets with Joyful sounds of Praise.
The *Parthian* King with the brave unknown Prince,
Men that seem dropt from Heav'n for our defence,
Have chas'd the Rebels to their Vaults and Towers;
As Storms drive flying Billows to the Shores.
Lev. The King's great Soul wants but the light Divine,
To make it every way with Glory shine.
But see, the Train approach the Pallace Gate,
Whilst joyful Crowds on their Preserver wait.

Enter Phraartes, Monobazus, Matthias, *Queen* Berenice, Clarona, Semandra, Phedra, *Guards. Two or Three Prisoners.*

Phraar. You lift your Swords against a King; from whence
Has your base Spirits all this insolence? [*To Prisoners.*
You sordid Villains at the best are made
For the low Earth, on which a King should Tread.
By the mean Victory my Sword has gain'd,
I have my self and Dignity profan'd:
And can my self no Expiation make,
Less on their Altars I Revenge should take:
Which I forgive! —— But Drag these Slaves away,
With speed out of your Monarchs sight, and lay
Their servile Necks beneath the High Priests Feet,
Let him dispose of 'em as he thinks meet.

{*Guard carries them to* Matthias, *whilst* Phraartes *turns to* Clar.

Phraar. Fair injur'd Power! What Offering shall I make?
These I disdain to give, and you to take;
'Twere Sacriledge designing to appease
Your anger with whole Hecatombs of these:
So many Princes at your Feet should lye,
And at your Sentence either live or dye.
Howe're a Royal Sacrifice I bring,
The Flaming Soul of a Love-wounded King.
Clar. Great Prince! The Joy I in your Triumphs find
Has more already than appeas'd my mind.
For though I know not Love, and any Flame,
But that of Pure Devotion, must disclaim:

Yet

Yet for the Gen'rous and truly brave
Of all Religions I a Friendſhip have;
And as for others I my Prayers employ,
For your great Soul I 'd be content to dye,
And oh! —— how rich an Offering would it be
To Heaven, which you thus vainly make to me.
Phraar. Oh! tell not me of Heav'n and Powers above,
There's no *Elizium* but *Clarona*'s Love.
Claro. To a poor Shrine you offer your regard,
Where you muſt take Devotion for reward.
Monob. Madam you crown with undeſerved Praiſe
A Courage you did both inſpire and raiſe.
Q. Beren. I but my ſenſe of gatitude would ſhew,
For what your Valour, Sir, did twice beſtow;
Nor can the breath by your defence enjoy'd,
Be better ſure than in your praiſe employ'd.
Matth. Go, and abuſe the Liberty I give,
'Gainſt him, by whoſe indulgence now you liye.
Not all the wrong I from your hate indure,
Shall one revengeful deed from me procure;
As fellow Servants of one Lord above,
You ſhall enjoy my pity and my Love.
But yet I will empale my Maſters Ground,
And from the rotten Sheep protect the ſound.
1. *Phar.* We'll do the ſame, and Guard them from the Power
Of wicked Shepherds, who the Flock devour.
Matth. Theſe men Heaven's Favourites themſelves repute,
And then as ſuch none muſt their Power diſpute.
[Priſoners *are diſmiſt, and* Matth. *turns to* Phraar. *and* Monob.
Now, valiant Princes, we muſt pay to you
The publick Triumphs which to both are due;
And to the Mighty *Parthian* King, who ſprings
Of *Jewiſh* blood by a long Race of Kings,
Let the great Shades of all who wore this Crown,
For their ſav'd Monuments his Valour own.
And now the Stars their twinckling Fires diſcloſe,
And night approaching ſummons to repoſe,
Let Guards theſe Royal Perſons wait with care,
Who both my Gueſts and my Protectors are.
[*They all go out attended with a Guard, except* Matthias *and* Phineas, *who ſtay.* —— *And Enter the* Sagan.
Matth. Now, what from *Edom*? will they ſtay or Fly?
And our Indulgence or our Valour try?
Sag. They are Reſolv'd to guard the Rebel Crue:
Till you free them, or elſe the *Romans* you.
Matth. And do they know on whoſe deſigns they wait?

Sag.

Sag. They Stile 'em Saints and Guardians of the State:
Till they are free'd they'l not our Walls forſake,
But ſend for Wives and a Plantation make.
Set Javelins till they grow, whoſe Martial ſhade
Shall ſerve for Shelter, and for Ambuſcade.
Matth. Now it is plain, theſe *Idumeans* came
To add freſh Brands to our domeſtick flame;
And on pretence our Tumults to appeaſe,
To ſhare with Thieves in Publick Robberies.
But I'le ſee well to all the Guards to night,
And if to morrow the bold *Edomite*,
In Thieves defence, to face our walls ſhall dare,
Their Martial Plants unpleaſant Fruit ſhall bear.

[*Ex. omnes.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Queen Berenice *and* Semandra.

Seman. Come, Madam, pleaſe to reſt, this ſilent Night
Kind ſleep does to her Bowers our ſenſe invite.
Q. Ber. Let the ſoft thing to dying Lovers go,
And on deſparing Minds her Balm beſtow.
The Joy the happy hour's approaching near,
When I muſt leave my dull Devotion here,
And on Loves wings to my *Veſpaſian* fly,
Tranſports my Soul to ſuch an Extaſie,
That with an Empire's price ſhould not be bought,
The ſingle pleaſure of one flying thought.
Tell me, *Semandra*, doſt thou not eſpy
A New delightful Spirit in my eye?
Does not my chearful blood its Revels take,
And often in my Cheeks freſh Sallies make?
Seman. Ah, Madam! your triumphant Beauties wear
Glories too bright for my weak eyes to bear.
Q. Beren. Be gone! thou Paint'ſt me in a Flattering Dreſs.
Seman. Rather, no Tongue your Beauties can expreſs.
[*Queen* Beren. *pulls out a Glaſs and Looks in it.*
Q. Beren. Indeed my Glaſs will needs obliging be,
I fear th' unfaithful thing takes part with thee.
Semand. By all that's fair it does its truſt betray,
Nor half the beauties it receives repay.
Q. Beren. Nay, I confeſs I'm pleas'd: for I muſt own
I was half weary of Devotion grown,
What with the grief of my dear Brother's blood!
What with the Clamours of the fooliſh Crowd;

Who

Who their own ſafety madly will oppoſe:
What with Impatience too at length to cloſe
Theſe ſeven long Weeks of grave Devotion here,
Which did to me a tedious Age appear,
I was ſo tir'd——that now the time is gone,
Methinks my eyes another Air put on;
And lay their Penitential looks aſide,
With all the Joy of a young ſmiling Bride.

Semand. Nay! Madam! never yet in any Face,
Triumphing Love appear'd with ſo much Grace.
But you have often promis'd to relate
Your Loves; how long ſhall my Impatience wait?

Q. Ber. I have not Fancy rich enough t'explain,
Half the Delights that Story does Contain.
'Twas on a great Triumphant Day at *Rome*,
When all the Adoration Gods aſſume,
Or Flattering Prieſts aſcribe to Powers Divine,
When with uncommon Flames their Altars ſhine,
Was to the young Victorious *Titus* paid,
When he through *Rome* a pompous Entry made.
It were too dull and tedious to diſplay
The bright and various ſplendors of that Day,
Young *Titus* Fame ne're ſpoke him half ſo fair!
Men Gaz'd with envy, Women with Deſpair.
We who, the King our Father lately dead,
By Rebels chac't, to *Rome*'s protection fled,
Were then Spectators there——

Semand. Your Stars were kind;
For to this mighty Fate you were deſign'd.

Q. Ber. And from us all this vote his meen did gain,
That we had never ſeen a braver Man:
I felt my heart a ſecret Flame poſſeſs,
But thought my Eyes ſecur'd my Heart ſucceſs.
Tho' *Roman* Ladies did my Rank contemn,
At leaſt my Beauty might contend with them.
And ſo it prov'd; for the whole time he ſtaid,
His ſole Addreſs was at my Altars made:
Which they reſented with ſuch ſcorn, and pride,
Some rag'd with madneſs, ſome with envy dy'd.
But, oh my Stars! how pleas'd was I to ſee
My Beauty thus revenge my Qualitie.

Semand. Oh Heaven! that I that Victory had ſeen!
And from that time your Joys have dated been?

Q. Ber. Not to relate how oft th' imperial Groves
And Gardens have been Witneſs of our Loves,
Eternal Vows in their delightful ſhade,
With an entire Exchange of Hearts, were made.

Semand.

Semand. Since which your Stars, propitious to your Love,
Did in few Months two Emperors remove,
That old *Veſpaſian* to that Glory choſe,
No rigorous Laws your Paſſion might oppoſe;
And if thoſe Rites he'll ſtubbornly Maintain,
Few Months will period the old Monarchs Reign.

Q. Ber. Name not the Empire; Power I contemn,
'Tis Love I ſeek, I ſcorn the Diadem.

Semand. But hark! Delicious ſounds that way deſcend,
The *Parthian* King's fair Miſtreſs they attend. [*Muſick within.*

Q. Ber. Sent by the King, no queſtion, and deſign'd
To chaſe ſad thoughts from her too Penſive mind.
That Divine Creature always is above,
Nothing below can her attention move.

Semand. Madam, ſhe always like a Flame aſcends,
From Heaven ſhe came, and towards Heav'n ſhe tends;
And has ſo ſmall concerns for things below
She never yet was ſeen to change her Brow.
Sometimes indeed ſhe has let fall a Tear,
But 'twas when others griefs ſhe chance't to hear.
Her own are into Bowers and Temples made,
And there ſhe Sings as in ſome pleaſant ſhade.

Q. Ber. She far excels the happy Minds above:
But cannot her fair Soul deſcend to Love?

Semand. Yes, as the Saints do in the other ſtate;
Or Guardian Angels thoſe on whom they wait?

Q. Ber. Such ſublime Friendſhips may Devotion pleaſe:
But is the brave young King content with theſe?

Semand. Madam, I doubt he aims at ſomething more,
And it is ſaid he ne're lov'd ſo before;
He looks upon her as ſome Heavenly thing,
And doubts if he ſhould Love or Incenſe bring?

Q. Ber. Well; my Complexion is not ſo Divine,
More of this droſſy Earth is mixt with mine——
But King *Phraartes* comes, let us away,
And ſtrive to haſten on th' approaching Day.
Which with the View of him ſhall Feaſt my ſight,
Who is both mine and all the World's delight. [*Exit.*

SONG *ſung within.*

HEnce, hence, thou vain fantaſtick fear
Of Ills to come, we know not where;
Stand not with thy Infernal Face
To fright my Love from my embrace;
To what a height ſhou'd we love on,
Wert thou and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh,

Sigh, sigh no more, nor cry forbear
'Tis sin, I neither must nor dare;
If sin can in these Pleasures dwell,
If this can be the Gate of Hell,
No Flesh can hold from ent'ring in;
Heaven must forgive so sweet a sin.

Down, down she does begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vanish all;
And now the Gate is ope to bliss,
And now I'm enter'd Paradise;
Whilst envying Angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we doe.

Enter Phraartes, Monobazus.

Phraar. Ah Friend! My heart here in an Ambush lyes,
I'm wounded by a Spirit in disguise.
A thing compos'd of Prayer, whom if I wed,
Some Incense Cloud must be our Nuptial bed.
[Mon. *is Pensive, and seems not to regard* Phra.
But ha! My Friend in grief! Shall I complain,
Of his unkind retirements still in vain?
Monob. Sir, you have many sorrows of your own,
And to add mine would be unkindly done.
Phraar. I many sorrows? Thou mistak'st the name,
Too fierce resentments of my injur'd Fame.
That after many a glorious Victory,
When *Rome* with Terrour did my Valour try,
That a bold Villain should his King betray,
And bolder *Rome* should give my Crown away;
Are wrongs for which not I, but *Rome* shall grieve,
Who soon severe Correction shall receive.
Monob. I do not doubt but your great Soul's above
The Power of Fate, but can you Conquer Love?
Phraar. Thou find'st the only weakness of my mind,
There I must own some tenderness I find.
An unknown Passion makes my Spirit bow;
Whose insolence I never felt till now.
I've seen, admir'd, ador'd, yes and enjoy'd,
Till both my Eyes and Appetite were cloy'd,
Beauties of all Complexions, Nations, Graces,
Hourly attended once on my Embraces.
Each hour to different Pleasures I could go;
Now cool my blood in the *European* Snow,
Then heat it at the *Asian* Fires again,
Then boil it o're a Sun-burnt *African*.

But this one Beauty has ſubdu'd me more,
Than all the Armies of 'em did before.
Monob. But to her Captive ſhe will mercy ſhew.
Phraar. Oh! ſhe is colder than the Mountains Snow.
To ſuch a ſubtile purity ſhe's wrouſtht,
She's Prayed and faſted to a walking thought.
She's an inchanted Feaſt, moſt fair to ſight,
And ſtarves the appetite ſhe does invite;
Flyes from the touch of ſenſe, and if you dare
To name but love, ſhe vaniſhes to Air.
Ten days has this bright flame confin'd me here,
Ruling my ſoul with tyranny ſevere.
But too much talk on my own griefs I ſpend:
Now let me hear the ſorrows of my Friend.
Monob. Reſervedneſs to ſo great a Prince were rude,
And to ſo brave a Friend ingratitude.
Have you not heard of *Monobazus* name?
Phraar. Yes, Prince, and am acquinted with your fame.
The Valiant Brother of the *Adiabenan* King. [*Embraces him.*
What wandring Fortunes cou'd thee hither bring?
I've heard how thou didſt guard his life and Crown,
When Slaves wou'd have depos'd him from the Throne,
Becauſe ſome Merchant *Jews*, 'mongſt other Wares,
Had made him change is own Belief for theirs.
Monob. Service beyond the gratitude of Kings,
Like Crimes, Misfortune on the Subject brings.
So he the leaſt acknowedgments diſdain'd,
And ſought the life of him by whom he Reign'd.
Thrice I his Armies beat in open Field,
Making his ſtrugling Fate entirely yield:
Subjecting Kings that to his aid he drew,
One in the head of all his Troops I ſlew.
Then gave him back his vanquiſh'd Crown, and went
By my own doom to willing Baniſhment.
Roving the world I hither chanc't to ſtray,
And drawing nigh this Town in cloſe of day,
It was my Fate, by an old ſhady Wood,
To ſee a Chariot with arm'd Troops purſu'd.
With my own Train to its relief I made,
And came not much untimely to its aid.
But for my own repoſe with too much ſpeed,
For ſcarce I had th' aſſaulted freed,
But ſtraight a Goddeſs, or a thing more bright,
With murdering Beauties charg'd my dazl'd ſight.
Phraar. And 'twas the Queen.
Monob. It wounds my heart to tell,
It was the Siſter of the King who fell
By my curſt Sword; and ſhe was going then

To mourn the death of him, whom I had ſlain.
Phra. Killing ſurprize! I pity now thy flame,
And ſhall no more thy ſad Retirements blame.
{ Clarona *appears above in the Balcony in her Night-dreſs, with a Taper in one hand, and a Book in another.*
But ha! Whence comes this golden dart of light,
Which on the ſudden wounds the breaſt of night?
Monob. See, ſome new wonder, Sir, invites our eyes. [*Shews* Clarona.
Phra. The chief indeed of *Jewiſh* Prodigies.
Young, fair, and Woman, and without deſire,
The only Miracle I can admire.
Monob. She's at Devotion ſure, for it is ſaid,
Thrice in the night ſhe from her downy bed,
And ſoft repoſe, does her fair body raiſe,
And from her Window towards the Temple prays.
Phra. Nay, from above ſhe certainly dropt down,
And like ſome *Syren* in a Tempeſt thrown
From her own Element and place of birth,
Can reliſh none of all the Joys on Earth.
I am all flame at ſight of one ſo fair.
Monob. I am all ſhade, and wander in deſpair.
Phra. She's giving Audience to ſome Angel now,
I muſt diſturb 'em for I jealous grow.
Monob. May your fair Goddeſs to your Prayers be kind,
I'le go relate my ſorrows to the Wind. [*Exit.*
Phra. Clarona.
Clar. Ha! Who calls?
Phra. A wretched thing
That begs your Pity.
Clar. The great *Parthian* King:
What is it creeps into his Royal Breaſt
This ſtormy night, and drives away his reſt?
Phra. What ſhou'd, or can diſturb my reſt, but love?
That bearded Shaft which nothing can remove.
But you are ſtill engag'd in Heav'nly things,
And have no pity for Poor mortal Kings.
Clar. Alas, Sir! do you my compaſſion crave?
Your glorious Acts my admiration have.
Phra. And yet not love where admiration's due?
Clar. Oh yes! My love does the whole World purſue
With all the bleſſings of my hourly prayer,
And you the nobleſt part, have ſure your ſhare.
Phra. Bleſſings and Prayers, and at a common Feaſt,
Where the whole World is an invited Gueſt;
do not croud me among the ſordid rout,

Where all your Charity is dol'd about.
But me to Noble Entertainments bring,
And treat me like a Lover and a King:
Nor ſhall the ſaucy World ſit down with me,
Gods at this Feaſt ſhall my Attendants be.
Clar. Religion is a Feaſt of true delight,
To which might I your glorious Soul invite,
You never wou'd repent your happy ſtate,
And I with joy wou'd at your Table wait.
Phra. My reliſh no Camelion's food endures,
My love I long to entertain with yours:
Let Souls like Planets be with Vapours fed,
Invite my ſenſes to the Nuptial bed.
Clar. I merit not ſo great a Monarch's Throne:
But were I worthy, I am not my own.
I am the Child of Sacrifice and Prayer,
Born when the Womb did totally deſpair.
My Soul was kindled at an Altar flame;
Religion gave inſtructions for my frame:
And Nature punctually her Rules obey'd,
And me exactly for Religion made.
And from my birth I've Educated been
A Maid of Honour to that mighty Queen.
And now am Heaven's Adopted Daughter grown,
And, like ſome Virgin Heireſs of a Throne,
Guarded and waited on by Spirits, fed
By Prayer and Contemplation, Angels bread.
Inclos'd from all the World, and ſcarcely dare
Mix my devoted breath with common Air.
And in this ſtate I ever muſt remain,
And not in thought my Virgin-whiteneſs ſtain.
Phra. Bleſt news! The only glory I deſign:
Now you are fit for no embrace but mine.
And I have long deſir'd to mix my Blood
With ſome Celeſtial Daughter of a God.
Clar. Your mortal Deities, Sir, may beſtow
Their Daughters on you, yet your Match below.
The King I hope will theſe expreſſions bear?
But yet if I of his Religion were,
I in the ſame condition would remain;
For I wou'd be of chaſte *Diana*'s Train;
In Woods and Foreſts breathe untainted air,
And againſt love an open War declare.
And e're your little God ſhou'd conquer me,
With *Daphne*, I'd be turn'd into a Tree. [*Exit.*
Phra. You ſhou'd not long within your bark remain,
I wou'd embrace you into life again. [*Enter a Gentleman.*
But ha! here's one with News. *Gen.*

Gen. Haſte, Sir, and ſee
The ſtormy Air all fill'd with Prodigy;
A numerous Army in the Skye appears,
And every Troop a bloody Banner bears.
They march along in the Moons timerous light,
Then dive in air and vaniſh from our ſight.
Phrà. This is ſome charm'd and viſionary Land,
I ſcarce can truſt the ground on which I ſtand.
Their Earth oft trembles, and their Buildings groan,
Built like the *Theban* Walls of living ſtone.
Their Stars grow Comets, Clouds arm'd Legions breed,
Each has more Warriours than the *Trojan* Steed:
Wonders, not Fiſhes, ſpawn within the Seas,
And all the winds that blow breathe Prophecies.
Nor are their People of a Kind entire,
But got betwixt Devotion and Deſire.
But let us ſee if Nature with a grace
Can ſhew her tricks, and cheat me to my face: [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Matthias, Phineas, Sagan, *Guard.*

Matth. AN Army in the Air.
Sag. I ſaw it move.
Phin. And round the Skye Troops of Iron Chariots drove.
Sag. Through all the Air they ſcatter'd Rays ſo bright,
As if their prancing Steeds were ſhod with Light.
Phin. Straight of the ſudden all the ſhapes were flown,
The war-like Imagery was taken down;
Folded in pitchy Clouds, and roll'd with care
Into the Wardrobe of the wealthy Air.
Sag. The Martial Atoms, from their noble form
Diſſolv'd in Clouds, now combat in a Storm.
Phin. The Air ungovern'd by it's Prince the Sun,
Like factious States, to Anarchy does run;
Wind, Thunder, Rain, and Lightning ſtrive to ſhare,
Like Rebels, all the Provinces o'th' Air.
See! how the Clouds like angry ſurges fly,
And daſh the Cryſtal beaches of the Skye!
Sag. The ſtormy night, now ſhe her period knows,
Cruel and fierce, like an old Tyrant, grows;
Whilſt all her Train, before her Miſtreſs dies,
Revel about, and ranſack all the Skyes.

Matth. This tempeſt comes from Heaven's diſpenſive hand,
Theſe Divine Riddles who can underſtand?
What means that fiery Sword's myſterious Ray,
Which o're our ſhaking Towers, night and day,
In Heav'ns bright Canopy does proudly ſhine,
As brandiſht by the Majeſty Divine?
Sag. Methinks *Jeruſalem*, at her ſolemn Feaſt,
Seems treated like the Tyrants trembling Gueſt,
In Purple clad her Table richly ſpread,
But death and horrour hanging o're her head.
Phin. Heaven's Arch ne're ſhone with ſuch a light before,
It ſeems as if ſome Angel lictour bore
The blazing Faſces, at the paſſing by
Of ſome divine Proceſſion in the Skye.
Matth. Alas! we in *Jeruſalem* daily ſee
A greater, and a living Prodigie.
A man-like Eccho pin'd into a Sound,
A walking Vault that does one tone rebound;
And night and day does in our Streets proclaim,
With reſtleſs Soul, Woes to *Jeruſalem*;
And nor for Prayers nor Racks concern'd will be,
But ſenſeleſs as *Dodona*'s vocal Tree.
But ha! the wreſtling winds are out of breath,
And all is ſilent now, like ſleep or death.
Phin. The tilting winds have ſtopt in full career,
And the fierce Lightning now has broke his Spear.
Sag. The appeas'd Clouds now mildly kiſs the ſhore,
Of that bright Skye they did aſſault before.
[*Noiſe is heard like an Earthquake.*
Matth. What frightful noiſe is that?
Sag. In the Earth's Womb
The four impriſon'd winds contend for room.
Matth. The ſhaking Earth is ſeiz'd with trembing pangs,
And on thin air the vaulting City hangs.
[*A ſmall Voice is heard.*
Phin. Hark! a ſhrill voice beneath the Altar cries.
Sag. Some ominous Bird ſure through the Temple flies.
[*The Prophet is diſcover'd aſleep by the Altar.*
But ha! ſee where the reſtleſs Prophet's thrown:
That is the ominous Bird, whoſe frightful tone
Fills all *Jeruſalem* with pannick fear.
What powerful Demon has convey'd him there?
Phin. The Spirit of *Ob*, that in the Wizard cries,
From whence he has his lying Prophecies.
Seize on the ſhrieking Owl; ſhall he alone
Have reſt, that let's *Jeruſalem* have none?

Matth.

Matth. Forbear——This Creature, like a Trumpet, knows
No ſound he gives, it is Heaven's breath that blows.
[*Prophet wakes and riſes.*

Proph. From the bright dwellings of the riſing Sun,
And from his reſting place when day is done,
From the four winds and the Earth's hollow womb
A Voice, a Voice——a dreadful Voice is come.
A Voice againſt our Elders, Prieſts, and Scribes,
Our City, Temple, and our holy Tribes;
Againſt the Bridegroom, and the joyful Bride,
And all that in *Jeruſalem* reſide.
Woe, woe, woe.——

Phin. Stop, ſtop the Witch.

Matth. Hold! let him paſs ſecure,
His raving Soul does pain enough endure.
And his unconquer'd fleſh no torment lacks,
H'as weary'd Torturers and torn the Racks;
As if unſoul'd, and acted by ſome Power
That ſent him here, as Fate's Ambaſſador.

Phin. The Law of Nations ſhou'd be his defence,
He ſeems an Agent for ſome Peſtilence.

Matth. Be gone, poor wretch, and ſeek thy own repoſe,
And Heav'n prepare us for theſe threaten'd Woes.

Proph. Woe, woe, woe. [*Ex.* Prophet.

Phin. He grates my Ears with this unpleaſant ſound:
But hearkl a Voice does from the Vault rebound.

A great Voice is heard from under the Stage like a Tub.

Matth. A Voice! 'tis Thunder, or ſome Pagan God
Groans here tormented, chace't from his abode.

[*The Voice cryes*——Let us depart.
Let us depart, the horrid Voice does cry!
What art that call'ſt? and whither ſhou'd we fly?

Phin. The Temple lives! it mov'd before and broke
The bars that fetter'd it, and now it ſpoke.

Matth. It rather dies! and theſe affrightful groans
Are its departing Soul's contending moans.

[*The Vale flies open, and ſhews the* Sanctum Sanctorum.

Matth. But oh! retire, the ſacred Curtain tears,
And all the Temple's bright third Heaven appears;
And, to the prophanation of our Eyes,
Expoſes all the Divine Myſteries.

Sag. It ſeems as if the Starry Heaven were rent,
And Angels ſhone through the torn Firmament.

Matth. And ſee----one of that bright and heavenly Quire
Appears above, all clad in Robes of fire;
And now does from the golden Roof deſcend,
Whilſt the Vaults groan, and yielding Arches bend.

Sag.

Sag. Let's fall upon our faces, leſt we dye.
Phin. Haſte to the Incenſe Altar! let us flye.
Matth. You may——but I fix'd here will boldly ſtay,
And hear what this ſtrange Meſſenger will ſay.
[*An Angel deſcends over the Altar, and ſpeaks.*
Ang. Stay, ſtay; your flight, fond men, Heav'n does deſpiſe
All your vain Incenſe, Prayers, and Sacrifice.
Now is arriv'd *Jeruſalem*'s fatal Hour,
When ſhe and Sacrifice muſt be no more.
Long againſt Heaven haſt thou, Rebellious Town,
Thy publick Trumpets of Defiance blown;
Didſt open Wars againſt thy Lord maintain,
And all his Meſſengers of Peace haſt ſlain:
And now the hour of his Revenge is come,
Thy Weeks are finiſh'd, and thy ſlumb'ring doom,
Which long has laid in the Divine Decree,
Is now arrous'd from his dull Lethargie;
His Army's rais'd, and his Commiſſion ſeal'd,
His Order's given, and cannot be repeal'd:
And now thy People, Temple, Altars, all
Muſt in one total Deſolation fall.
Heav'n will in ſad proceſſion walk the round,
And level all thy Buildings with the ground;
And from the Soil, enrich'd with humane blood,
Shall Graſs ſpring up where Palaces have ſtood:
Where Beaſts ſhall feed, and a revenge obtain,
For all the thouſands at thy Altars ſlain.
And this once bleſſed Houſe where Angels came
To bathe their airy wings in holy flame,
Like a ſwift Viſion or a flaſh of light,
All wrapt in Fire, ſhall vaniſh in thy ſight;
And thrown aſide amongſt the common ſtore,
Sink down in Times Abyſs, and riſe no more. [*The Angel aſcends.*
Matth. Oh, wondrous Viſion! Oh, I faint with fear!
Was it a humane Voice that fill'd my Ear?
A real ſight that entertain'd my Eye,
Or was I ſnatch'd into ſome Extaſie?
Sag. Whether I dream't or dy'd I cannot tell,
For yet more life does in a Statue dwell.
Phin. I liv'd and wak'd, and with theſe ſtedfaſt Eyes
Saw the ſtrange Viſion both deſcend and riſe;
And with a Voice, that cou'd not Ears deceive,
Heard it ſpeak wonders more than I'le believe.
Matth. Did he not tell us, in a threatning tone,
Jeruſalem's fatal Hour was haſt'ning on?
As if that ours and Truths eternal Sun
Had but few Minutes of his Race to run,

And

And this bright Heaven shou'd then be taken down,
And among all Time's common Trophies thrown?
Phin. It did.
Matth. It must be some illusion then!
The Starry Heav'n shall not so long remain.
Its Basis cannot so much strength afford,
That stands on Nature, this on Nature's Lord.
Nay, that depends on this —— For d'ye suppose
The unweari'd Sun his daily progress goes,
And the Earth's Womb her various Off-spring bears,
Only as Vassals to Idolaters)
And yields her Gums and Spices to maintain
Some Glutton's Table, or some Idols Fane;
And Heaven and Earth round in a yoke should draw,
To grind for those that break their Maker's Law?
Phin. No, 'tis for us that wait on his Commands:
For us the World was made, for us it stands.
Matth. Yes, on these Columns the whole Arch is bent,
This Golden Roof supports the Firmament.
The Sun with Altar-Flames adorns his Head,
And from this Oyle the Heav'nly Lamps are fed;
And all the Order which in Nature dwells
But dances to the sound of *Aaron*'s Bells.
That to say Heav'n will ruine on us send,
Is to declare the World is at an end;
And Nature is disbanding all her Powers,
Then falls the Temple of the World, and ours.
Sag. If to Tradition we may credit give,
Ages will rowl about e're that arrive,
For yet two thousand years e're we are blest
With the Sabatick thousand years of rest.
Phin. Besides, we yet expect our promis'd King,
At whose approach a Golden Age must spring;
And a long train of smiling years ensue,
When joyful Nature shall her Youth renew;
And all the Powers that now the Earth invade,
Shall vanish each like a Gigantick shade.
And the whole Globe shall but two Monarchs have,
Him, and the Sun his tributary Slave.
Matth. Those things lye safe in Promises Divine,
As the rich Gold lies ripening in the Mine.
And like the *Babylonian* Pensile Bowers,
They are born aloft on never yielding Towers:
Towers of firm Truth which may our Faith delight,
Tho the fair Gardens are above our sight.
Then whatsoe're these things portend, we know,
Though Famine, Plague, and Wars may lay us low,

The world may ſink, but not one Stone of theſe,
'Till faithful Heav'n performs his Promiſes.
But come——No ſleep to night ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
Go ſummon all the Sanhedrim to riſe.
We'll find what fit Conſtructions there can be
Of this ſtrange ſight and ſtranger Prophèſie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Phraartes *and* Monobazus.

Monob. Things of more wonder never fill'd my Eye.
Phraar. Nor ever mine a prettier Novelty.
Monob. Novelty!
Phraar. Why? muſt I aſtoniſht prove,
To ſee by Moon-light a few Shadows move?
Mon. No, Sir: but theſe no common Shadows are.
Phra. And that's the only cauſe you think them rare.
Were Thunder, Lightning, an Eclipſe o'th' Sun,
And all the feats by light and ſhadow done,
But once or twice in ſeveral Ages ſhewn,
Mankind would all of 'em for wonders own.
Think Gods appear'd and fall upon the knee,
Each time perhaps they did a Rain-bow ſee.
Mon. Nature frames thoſe, theſe Nature's works ſurpaſs.
Phra. Why more than ſhadows in a Looking-glaſs?
At firſt, no doubt, they did Mankind ſurprize,
And they were judg'd ſtupendious Prodigies.
There are ſtrange Births peculiar to each Clime,
Monſters are bred out of *Ægyptian* ſlime.
Theſe may be Natives of the *Jewiſh* air,
Bred of the Fumes of Sacrifice and Prayer.
Mon. Yes, did they ſlaughter men, we might preſume
Their Souls might for revenge thoſe ſhapes aſſume:
But the poor Beaſt does periſh in the flame,
And has no Soul to Play an after-game.
Phra. But may not Atoms meet which Flames diſperſe?
Revelling Atoms made the Univerſe.
Or may not num'rous Heaps of Victims ſlain,
Diſlodge the tranſmigrated Souls of men?
Which ſtript of the warm fleſh they love to wear,
Get for the preſent ſome thin Rags of air?
Or rather, ſpight of all our wiſdom knows,
Theſe may be real men, we ſhapes ſuppoſe?
For all theſe ſpacious Regions of the Skye,
Can never waſte like *Lybian* Deſarts lye?

Nature

Nature frames nothing for a vain intent,
And no doubt Peoples every Element.
The Sea has Mermaids, and the purer Air
May Nimphs of a more fine complexion bear;
And these were jolly Youths, who in our sight
Might celebrate some Festival to night:
For round the airy Plains their Chariots drove,
As if they kept *Olympian* Games above.
Mon. All this is raillery; for if a throng
Of wandring Tribes had there been planted long,
The busie people of our Globe below
Had found, perhaps had conquer'd 'em e're now.
No, they are Bubbles and have no abode,
And only speak the greatness of that God
Who guards this State, and do so strange appear,
I would my own weak little God cashеer;
And this more mighty *Jewish* one adore,
But when I once have offer'd to a Power,
To him, as to my King, I Loyal prove,
Or to the Friend or Mistress that I love.
Phra. And I to these so little credit give,
I scorn a God that by his tricks must live.
I from all Shadows set my Vassals free,
And plainly bid 'em fear no power but me.
But ha! kind fortune to my arms does flye,
Th' accesses to the Gardens open lye,
Where oft *Clarona* on the Gods bestows
The Hours design'd by Nature for repose.
Some happiness is near, my heart forebodes,
I'le in and chace away my Rival Gods.
Mon. Oh! that my Rivals were as weak as they;
The great the brave *Vespasian* bars my way.
Glory and Empire are to female blood
More tempting dang'rous Rivals than a God. [*Exit.*

[*The Scene changes to a Garden,* Clarona *asleep.*

Enter Phraartes.

Phra. Oh! whither Love hast thou thy wand'rer led?
My feet profane the ground on which they tread.
All the abstracted sweets in Nature found,
Lye here together in a slumber bound.
No Mortal can resist the charming bliss;
This hand does ravish from my lips a Kiss. [Clarona *wakes.*
Clar. Save me, good Spirits! what shade is that so nigh?
[*Starts at the sight of* Phraartes.
Phra. No Ghost, or Shadow, but substantial I.
Clar. The King!
Phra. Your Slave; may I your Pardon gain,

That I your Sacred privacy profane?
Wandering in Solitude the Gardens round,
I all acceſſes hither open found.
Coming to ſigh away the hours of night
Under your Window; ——— by the Moon's pale Light,
Who o're your Face her Silver Garment ſpread,
I found you Slumbering on this Roſie Bed.
It was impoſſible from hence to go,
With Wonder fixt to Earth I here might grow,
My Root wou'd wantonly beneath you creep,
To ſuck the ſweets of Earth on which you ſleep.
This I might do, ſhou'd I here longer ſtay,
Yet then as eaſily be torn away.
Clar. On the Night's Wonders gazing all alone,
Weary and Penſive here I ſate me down,
And to a gentle ſleep reſign'd my Sence,
Not fearing this my Servants negligence.
Phra. My Stars contriv'd it thus to crown my love,
And I their noble kindneſs will improve.
Now is the Golden Minute come at laſt,
The rich Extraction of a thouſand paſt,
Which like the patient Chymiſt I have ſpent
In Toyl, and many a vain Experiment.
And (oh! my Stars!) if now I let it go,
Never this bleſſing on me more beſtow.
Clar. What does the King by this diſcourſe deſign?
Phra. Oh! Youth and Love will help you to divine.
What meaning did Young *Troylus* diſplay,
When to the *Grecian* Tents where *Creſſeid* lay,
From *Troy* in ſuch kind conſpiring night
And hour as this, he ſtole to his delight?
What meant *Leander*, when at ſuch an hour
He labour'd through the Waves to *Hero*'s Tower,
Whilſt on the ſhore to raviſh him ſhe ſtood,
From the Embraces of the faithleſs flood?
Clar. Are you the King?
Phra. Exalted by ſuch bliſs,
I am God, and you my Paradiſe.
Where e're I wander pleaſures crowd my way,
And I with every one a life could ſtay.
Oh! I cou'd dwell an Age upon this Hand;
But ſhou'd I to thoſe Cheeks or Lips aſcend,
Such numerous delights my ſenſes court,
To gather all, Eternity's too ſhort.
Clar. What has this change in King *Phraartes* made?
Will he my Ears with ſuch diſcourſe invade?
He who approacht me with ſo great an awe,

Prieſts

Prieſts with leſs Reverence near Altars draw;
That any thing was Sacred did deny,
On Earth, in Nature, or in Heaven, but I?
What have I done that has my Honour ſtain'd,
And made me now deſerve to be profan'd?
Phra. Can any Temples be profan'd by Prayer,
Or Altars by the Victims which they bear?
Clar. By Victims ſinful and impure they may:
And only ſuch you at my Altars lay.
Phra. You wrong my Innocent and Spotleſs Love.
Clar. Convince me of it, and from hence remove
Him whom my ruine did attempt to night,
I mean your ſelf, for ever from my ſight.
Phra. From their Foundations bid me Moutains tear,
Or hale a fixed Star out of his Sphere,
Remove the World, aſſoon I could obey,
As take my ſelf from hence, whilſt here you ſtay.
This is my Heav'n, which I with Toil attain,
And ſhall I now leap down to Earth again?
My Arms for ſafety I around you ſpread,
Throw me from this high happineſs I'm dead.
Clar. You on a precipice wou'd ſafely dwell,
But you would ſtrive to throw me down to Hell.
You for my ruine are by Hell deſign'd,
And choſen for it out of all Mankind.
As having all their excellence and more,
By whom he thouſands had ſubdu'd before:
The Serpent in your Figure (I believe)
Stole into Paradiſe and ruin'd *Eve*:
With ſuch a pleaſing Tongue he ſpoke his ſuit,
And with ſuch Hands beſtow'd the fatal Fruit.
That to put all his Troops at once to flight,
I muſt for ever baniſh you my ſight.
Phra. Hell and his Troops into deſtruction go,
My Love of their deſigns does nothing know:
My Love's intentions generous have been;
But if for you to Love again be ſin,
Be ſav'd, purſue the Joys you call Divine;
Attain your Heav'n, though I deſpair of mine.
But pray let me be ſav'd a little too,
The Heav'n I cannot compaſs let me view.
Clar. No, Sir, in pity I deny your Prayer,
Why ſhould I keep you in a Scorching Air,
When I no eaſe or Pleaſure can beſtow?
If to a cooler Clime you will not go,
The Sun whoſe heat does your Diſeaſes breed,
Tan your fair Vertues, and your Torments feed,

Thus

Thus, Sir, I will for ever cloud from you;
This I am bound in Charity to do.
Phra. Spare your Compaſſion, and unvail'd remain,
I am your Enemy and beg for pain.
Let not ſo great a Sinner torment want.
Clar. Beg nothing of me, for I'le nothing grant.
Phra. What not to ſee you! are thoſe Beauties made
To pine and wither in a barren ſhade?
Clar. Ask me no more, I will no more reply.——
Phra. And will you then one parting view deny?——
Sun riſe no more, for ever quench thy light,
For now the world has nothing worth our ſight. [*Ex.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter John, Eleazar, Phariſees, *&c.*

Eleaz. HOW, for theſe ſeveral hours in Council ſate?
John. Cloſe in a Tower with Guards at every Gate:
All their deſigns they hide; but it is ſaid,
Some tender Lambs muſt be to ſlaughter laid.
1. *Phar.* With blood of Saints he ſtains the holy Chair,
He is a Tyrant and Idolater.
John. I fear through frailty he too much inclines,
And am in doubt ſome impious thing deſigns;
Nay am aſſur'd—— Nay, ſince it muſt be known,
The horrid Villany's already done!——
Veſpaſian is our Soveraign Lord declar'd,
And Crowns of Gold are for his head prepar'd.
Nay at an hour when all in ſleep lay drown'd,
A Guard in ſecret brought an Image Crown'd:
His head a guilded wreath of Lawrel wore,
His face *Veſpaſian*'s proud reſemblance bore.
'Tis in the Palace hid, but they deſign
At his approach it ſhall in publick ſhine;
Stand in the Temple, and our Laws defie,
And all that will not bow to it, ſhall dye.
Eleaz. O horrid! horrid! well, oh ſtormy Air!
For Divine Vengeance may'ſt thou Troops prepare.
2. *Phar.* It is a Plot I plainly underſtand,
To murder all the Zealous of the Land.
John. Heav'n knows with grief I ſtain his Mitred Hairs:

Who

Who lays me near him as the Robes he wears.
But in my Soul it did impatience breed,
To think the Sheep shou'd by the Shepherd bleed;
To see the Temple by the Priest defil'd:
Nay more to see the father kill the Child.
And if my self unfaithful I proclaim,
In saving it I'le glory in my shame.

Eleaz. Appease your Soul, if this can Treason be,
'Tis holy falshood, Pious treachery.

John. But yet all falshood has the face of ill.

1. *Phar.* In a good Cause 'tis but Religious Skill.

John. Nay to preserve the Choice ones of the Land,
I'd be the Earth on which their Tower should stand:
For though our Lights by various Names we call,
Like Jewels still there's Beauty in us all.
And though like Brethren 'mongst our selves we fight,
'Gainst Foster-Fathers we can all unite.

Eleaz. No more we'll have his blood, the Tyrant dyes,
The Priest shall be the Morning Sacrifice.

2. *Phar.* He does the Priestly Diadem defile,
And we'll revenge the consecrated Oyl.

John. Nay, since your Zeal's inflam'd, I'le lead you on,
And with my aid my former guilt attone;
For friendship's sake I did the Cause betray,
But now I will the heavenly Call obey.
A Brazen Image stands before my eyes;
Revenge! revenge! a Voice within me cries,
Kill, kill these curst Apostates, who design
To set Hell's Standard 'midst the Camp Divine.
Spare not a man who in his List is found,
Who spares a Traytor does Religion wound.

Eleaz. I'm thirsty for their blood.

1. *Phar.* And I.

2. *Phar.* And I.

3. *Phar.* To eat their flesh were holy gluttony.

John. It were! and Heaven no doubt would bless the Meal,
Such unclean Beasts we might devour with zeal.
But their foul flesh shall not be so preferr'd;
In Craws and Paunches it shall be interr'd.
They have no right to any other Tomb,
Nor shall defile *Jerusalem*'s sacred Womb.

Eleaz. Their Souls renounce the Gardens of the just,
Nor shall their Bodies here pollute their dust.

1. *Phar.* But when shall we attempt this blessed deed!
How many Swords! what Forces do we need?

2. *Phar.* For they are strong, and keep an hourly guard,
And our poor *Idumean* Friends, debarr'd

From aiding us, under their Bucklers lye,
Beſieg'd by all the fury of the Skye.
John. Ask you for aid when you Heav'ns ſervice do?
We are too ſtrong, th' Idolaters too few.
We have our Cauſe, our Innocence, and Prayer,
Nay, we have Armies Muſtering in the Air!
And are to Arms invited from above,
The Winds are joyn'd to repreſent our Love.
Troops rendezvous'd in Clouds to ſhew from whence,
In our diſtreſs, we may expect defence.
A fire ſhone round the Temple to declare,
Pure Reformation is enkindled there.
The Brazen Gates untouch'd were ſeen to move,
To let us know the Gates of Divine Love
Were opening to us, if we'll enter in.
And now *Jeruſalem*'s glory does begin.
Eleaz. Oh! bleſſed hour! and yet more bleſſed we,
Who in this work the Inſtruments ſhall be.
1. *Phar.* We are too few the ſweet rewards to ſhare.
2. *Phar.* They will be more than humane ſtrength can bear.
Eleaz. Nay, we to farther aid have no pretence,
But yet our Friends that come for our defence,
May, of our mighty deeds, Spectators be.
John. They ſhall admittance have in Charity.
Not that in ſuch a Cauſe their Swords we need.
A Cauſe that will reward each drop we bleed.
Sinners who dye in it, may at the price
Of a few Traytors heads buy Paradiſe.
Has any here——
Defil'd a Siſter, or a Father ſlain,
A Traytors blood will waſh away the ſtain.
And if to Sinners ſuch rewards accrew,
What Joys what Pleaſures will be ſhowr'd on you,
Who are all Saints?
Omn. All, all.
Eleaz. I am in pain!
My breaſt cannot my furious zeal contain.
John. And now, my Friends, when providence ſhall deal
Rewards and Bleſſings to your faithful zeal;
And you ſhall make diviſion as you pleaſe,
O'th' hoorded wealth of richeſt Palaces;
Oh do not caſt a hot and luſtful eye
Upon the Temple, if ſhe naked lye,
And her bright Gold ſhould on your fingers ſmile;
Take heed——for that will all the reſt defile.
1. *Phar.* Oh doubt us not!
John. Still barring all Conſtraint;

For

For nothing is ſo Sacred as a Saint.
And in our own defence we may make bold,
Serving our Maſter, with our Maſter's Gold. [*One Enters.*
But ſee the Spye we at the Palace plac'd,
To watch the Sanhedrim, returns in haſte.
Meſſ. O, Sirs! To Arms! A Voice from Heav'n calls!
From Foggy Clouds a ſleepy Unguent falls:
And ſome good Angel round the Palace flyes,
And with it has annointed all their Eyes;
But to the Prieſts does double portions give,
That nothing in the Palace ſeems to Live;
But a few pining Lamps, that burn ſo dim,
They ſeem as drouſie as the Sanhedrim.
John. 'Tis plain, Heav'n aids our holy Cauſe, and ſends
A Spirit to bind their hands, and help his Friends.
2 *Phar.* If we with ſpeed theſe Traytors not deſtroy,
Angels will do't, and rob us of the Joy.
3. *Phar.* Haſte, haſte, let us go fire the Palace ſtraight.
John. No——firſt aſſiſt our friends without the Gate.
Both ſhelter and revenge will now be good.
Eleaz. Yes——let them warm themſeves with Traytors blood.
3. *Phar.* But will not the Strong Gate deſpiſe our pains?
'Tis clad in Iron, and girded round with Chains?
John. Fear not, I can the ſacred Tools produce,
Kept in the Tower for the Temple's uſe.
And they can force it open in a trice,
With as much eaſe as Prayer does Paradiſe.
Eleaz. Haſte, haſte, the Cocks have thrice alarm'd the dawn,
And Night's black Chariot, as by Whirle-winds drawn,
Drives on to its laſt Stage in ſolemn ſtate,
Whilſt raging Storms on her Retinue wait.
Now whilſt the Tempeſt rocks the drowſie Town,
Oh! Let the heavenly work with ſpeed be done.
2. *Phar.* Now is the time, their Souls, like Flocks of Sheep,
Are kept for Sacrifice in Folds of Sleep.
1. *Phar.* The talking Ecchoes can conveigh no noiſe,
The buſie Tempeſt all the Air employs.
[*Enter one with Iron Bars and Tools.*
John. See, ſee, the Bleſſed Inſtruments are come!
Now Sinners haſtens your eternal doom.
Hell will be Crowded with the numerous flight
Of unclean Birds we ſhall unperch to night.
To Arms!
All. To Arms, to Arms!
John. But firſt let's ſwear,
That each ſhall equally the danger ſhare.
By *Jeruſalem.* [*All lift up their hands.*
All.

All. By *Jeruſalem.*
John. By the Temple.
All. By the Temple.
John. By the Altar.
All. By the Altar.
John. By the moſt binding Oath which we can ſwear,
By *Corban*, the Divine Oblation there.
All. By *Corban.*
John. Now let each draw his Conſecrated Sword,
Corban's the Oath, and Liberty the Word.
So if I now ſucceed in this deſign, [*Aſide.*
One more Religious Lye, the Miter's mine. [*Exeunt.*

[*A noice of breaking Locks and forcing Gates.*

{ *The Scene is drawn, and* Matthias, Sagan, Phineas, *and the whole Sanhedrim are repreſented ſitting aſleep, Lamps burning, and the Guards aſleep at the Gate.*

The Ghoſt of Herod *ariſes.*

Ghoſt. Cries, ſhrieks, and groans from a Lamenting Crowd,
Th' air fill'd with wandering Souls, the Streets with blood!
In Seas of Fire the falling Buildings drown'd;
In Chains of ſleep the Prieſts for ſlaughter bound,
Fit pleaſure for a Tyrant's Ghoſt, like me: ——
Worthy my Pilgrimage from hell to ſee.
Sleep on, you damn'd Tormentors of Mankind,
That humane Souls in Aiery Fetters bind,
And all their little Pleaſures dearly ſell,
And will not let 'em go in peace to Hell.
And thou, proud Town, who ſtil'ſt thy ſelf Divine,
Queen of the World, Heav'ns Earthly Concubine,
Who all his favour to thy ſelf haſt gain'd,
Art at th' expence of Miracles Maintain'd,
And fill'ſt the gazing World with pannick fears, ——
Tremble —— for ſee within thy Walls appears,
The brighteſt Viſion of this threatning Night,
The Ghoſt of *Herod* the great *Edomite:*
Greateſt of all abandon'd *Eſau*'s Line,
Who in thy Throne once Royally did ſhine,
Raviſh thy Beauty, and thy Lord diſgrace,
And took his Miſtreſs to my own embrace;
And not contented to defile his Bed,
His Altars rob'd, and on his Victims fed;
Revell'd in blood, and did his power deſpiſe,
And in contempt of all his Propheſies,
Plac'd *Eſau*'s Chains of ſlavery on thee,
And ſoundly ſcourg'd old *Jacob*'s Treachery:

Then

Then with mock Penitence for all my guilt,
To my own glory I thy Temple built:
Now all the ills in Life I could not do,
I a malicious tortur'd Ghoſt purſue.
Laſh me, ye Furies, blow th' Infernal fire! ——
Fill me with rage that I may now inſpire
My Nation with the Spirit on't refin'd,
And pour it ſcalding into every Mind.
And (you gull'd Prieſts) invoke no more Heav'ns aid,
He has you all into my Power betray'd;
And I'le go whet the *Idumean* Swords,
And nobly banquet the infernal Birds.
They flock about, and heaps of Carrion ſmell,
I'le make to night a Jubilee in Hell. [*Exit.*

{*The Ghoſt goes out, and noiſe of claſhing of Swords ſhrieking and knocking at the Gate is heard, at which they all awake.*

Matth. In what dark Cave has all our Souls been bound?
Phin. Or in what drouſie Labyrinth wandring round?
Sag. Rather to what infernal Dungeon lead,
Guarded with Fiends, and haunted with the Dead;
For I have been with droves of Souls purſu'd,
Chac'd hot, and reeking from warm Fleſh and Blood.
Phin. I nothing dream'd but was ſecurely laid,
As void of ſenſe as e're my Soul was made;
Yet as my dawning Soul began to riſe,
Methoughts I knocking heard, and diſtant cries:
And from the Ground a ſulph'rous Vapour broke,
That form'd it ſelf into a ſhape, and ſpoke.
Matth. A Guard of Spirits walk'd to night the round,
And all our Souls in ſleepy-fetters bound,
Benum'd with fatal ſlumbers by degrees,
We ſeem'd like an old Grove of Sapleſs-Trees,
Whoſe Vegetative Souls in Winter creep
To their warm Roots, and there ſecurely ſleep. [*A Noiſe within.*
But hark! a Martial noiſe begins to riſe!
Phin. Loud knockings at the Gate. {*They all as amaz'd look out ſeveral ways, and return.*
Sag. And horrid cries!
Arm! Arm! The Court's beſet; a furious Tide
Of fighting Crowds beat up on every ſide.
Phin. The Streets with glittering Spears are planted round,
And Bloody Rivers water all the Ground.
Matth. And ſee where *Eſau*'s Sons proud Banners fly,
And from the Temple Walls the Town defie.

Sag. We are betray'd, and the Angelick Pow'rs
Forſook their Guard to night about theſe Towers.
What ſhall be done in a diſtreſs ſo great?
Phin. What elſe, but fly with ſpeed to ſome retreat?
Matth. How? ſhall I fear of theſe vile Rebels ſhew?
Rather to meet their impious rage I'll go.
Sag. Alas! they ſeek your life, nor can y' oblige
Men, whoſe Devotion lies in Sacriledge.
Matth. Heav'ns Will be done! But better I were ſlain,
Than I my ſelf my Diadem prophane;
Whoſe glory ſhould I ſtain with ſordid fears,
My Sacriledge would be as great as theirs.
Phin. I ſee no cauſe why we ſhould vainly fight,
To guard theſe Sacred things Heav'n ſeems to ſlight.
Matth. If Heav'n's pleas'd t' abandon their defence,
I'le Guard them in the room of Providence.

{ John, Eleazar, *and their Party break into the Room with drawn Swords, and chace* Matthias, &c. *off the Stage, who retreat fighting as into ſome other Rooms of the Palace, and ſhut the Door to hinder* John's *purſuit.*

Matth. My Guards! [*Exit.* Matth. Sag. Phin. *&c.*
Omnes. Purſue.
John. So quick retreat have found.
Eleaz. Fire this accurſed Building to the ground:
This filthy Neſt that does all lewdneſs hide,
Ambition, Avarice, hot Luſt and Pride,
The Earth no longer ſhall this burthen bear.
John. And greater Lewdneſſes are harbour'd here.
Veſpaſian's Image, and his Goddeſs both,
Queen *Berenice*, that *Romiſh-Aſhteroth.*
That fair Abomination, to whoſe eyes
The Tyrant offers Daly-Sacrifice.
Eleaz. Burn 'em together, let their duſt repair
To play and dally in the wanton Air.
1. *Phar.* Fire it; our time let us no longer loſe.
2. *Phar.* And ſee, his traytrous head the Tyrant ſhews. { *Matth.* Sag. Phin. *appear in the Balcony.*
Matth. You Impious Rebels all, which here I ſee,
Sons of Confuſion, Blood and Cruelty;
Born for our Nation's and Religion's ſhame,
That would extirpate your own Tribe and Name,
Have wrought ſuch ills, that even the Riſing Sun
Startles to ſee the villanies y' have done:
What Cruel Devil does your hearts inſpire
To all theſe ills? What is it you deſire?
Eleaz. Traytor! Our Countreys freedom and thy Blood.

1. *Phar.*

1 *Phar.* And *Cæſar*'s Image here, thy Molten-God.
Matth. What Molten-god ?——what Image ?
Phin. This is plain,
The curſed Image of ſome lying Brain.
Eleaz. This Pious Man can all your doubts remove,
And, Tyrant, to thy face thy Treaſons prove.
Matth. Villain, more falſe than Hell,——Doſt thou at laſt
Add this bold Lye to all thy Treaſons paſt ? [*To* John.
John. Oh, dares this man thus confidently plead ?
Merciful Heaven that will not ſtrike him dead ?
Eleaz. Boldly reply. [*To* John.
John. Now impudence thy aid. [*Aſide.*
And are you not (bad man !) of Heav'n afraid ?
Do you not every hour expect at leaſt
Heav'n with your Tribe the hungry Earth ſhou'd feaſt ?
Its qualmiſh ſtomach with cold meat is cloy'd,
Not one warm Meal ſince *Corah*'s time enjoy'd.
But now a Diſh is dreſt, and I ſhould fear,
But for theſe holy men, to ſtand ſo near.
Into my Soul what great Diſorders creep !
Zeal makes me rage, and Pity makes me weep.
An aged man, a Prieſt, and once my Friend ;
But in Truth's Cauſe all theſe diſtinctions end.
Matth. And dar'ſt thou with ſo little fear or ſhame
Thy Predeceſſor Rebel *Corah* name ?
And not expect his fate ſhould be thy own,
Whoſe Treaſons are ſo much by thine out-done.
Oh, hungry Earth ! to thy repaſt with ſpeed !
But ſpare your tears, and to your Proofs proceed.
John. Then did not I in ſeveral Perſons fight,
In the firſt Month, on the third Watch of night,
But was it I ? that I ſhould e're deſcend
To ſo much frailty to oblige a Friend ?
To my own goodneſs I am made a Prey ;
I am too meek, too ready to obey !
But did not I, to all the Guards unknown,
Conveigh by night an Image into Town ?
And when I wept, and did the thing oppoſe,
You ſmil'd, and ſaid, let us delude our Foes,
And play with that *Leviathan* a while,
We by theſe Arts ſhall all his Pow'r beguile.
But ſhall not we deceive our ſelves, ſaid I ?
No ſtrength or wiſdom like integrity !——
Then weeping, you reply'd, alas ! 'tis true :
But yet the Foe is ſtrong ; what ſhall we do ?
Good Heav'n I hope will no advantage take,
If we ſhould ſin a little for his ſake ;

Then as I trembling ſtood, and wept and pray'd,
You are too tender, humble *John*, you ſaid.
But ah ſaid I again!———
Matth. No more, no more!———
In pity to thy injur'd Soul give ore;———
Thy ſhameleſs Lyes has Manhood ſo defam'd,
Of humane Nature I am almoſt aſham'd;
And did not ſome the port of it maintain,
We might conceive Mankind were made in vain.
Nay even admire why Heaven ſuch pains ſhou'd take,
Miſchievous Tools of dirty Clay to make.
But to thy impudent unmanly Lye,
My Gnards and Javelins ſhall with ſpeed reply.

{ Matthias, *&c. go out of the Balcony, and* John, *&c. break open the door, after which a noiſe of fighting is heard; then Enter* Phraartes *and* Monobazus *as diſturb'd with the noiſe, and newly waked.*

Phra. What fierce and horrid ſounds thus early fill
My deafned Ears? or am I dreaming ſtill?
For ſnatch'd by ſleep into an Ambuſcade,
I've all this night with Charms and Viſions plaid.
Monob. And mighty Weights my Soul a Pris'ner kept,
As if beneath ſome Mountain I had ſlept.
Phra. This is ſome Magick place, where Spirits flye,
Where every night the Trees all blaſted dye;
And men like Watches are in pieces tane,
And ſet together in the morn again.
Well might the almoſt immortal Natives here
Preſerve their vigour to the thouſandth year;
Since every night their Bodies were not worn,
But gently lapt and folded up till morn.
But what bold Spirits durſt ſo ſaucy be,
To try theſe damn'd Experiments on me?
But hark! a Noiſe within, like claſh of Arms!
Monob. Palace and City fill'd with ſtrange Alarms.
[Monobazus *looks within.*
What Viſion's that preſented to my Eyes,
The Court with bleeding Bodies cover'd lyes!
The brave High-Prieſt amidſt a Guard does ſtand,
Offering Victims up with his own hand
To this fair Palace's offended Gods,
By impious Slaves diſturb'd in their abodes.
Phra. They are ſome warlike ſhapes in Maſquerade.
Monob. Now toward the Temple they retreat have made.

Phra.

Phra. Fortune my Sword's fair Concubine does prove
As falſe to me as *Juno* does to *Jove*!
Entice with ſleepy Charms my ſenſe away,
Whilſt ſhe with others does the Strumpet play.
So *Jove* on *Ida* charm'd, the *Trojans* fled,
But when the God roſe from his flowry Bed,
And look'd abroad out of his Golden Tent,
The *Greeks* their ſaucy Valour did repent:
The wanton Sorcereſs, now I am awake,
Shall to my injur'd Sword again give back
The ſtoln favours ſhe to every Slave,
During the Minutes of my ſlumb'ring gave. [*Exit.*

Monob. Yes, Fortune ſhall repent her Clowniſh Pride,
In ſcorn of Princes thus with Slaves to ſide. [*Exit.*

They go off, and after a little fighting without, Enter in their Night-Gowns, as in a fright, Queen Berenice, Clarona, Semandra, *and* Phedra.

Q. Beren. Muſt I be murder'd then without delay?
And do the Slaves my kindneſs thus repay?
Did I, like ſome good Angel from above,
Come from the heaven of Glory and of Love,
To help theſe Wretches in their deep deſpair,
And do the envious Fiends ſuch malice bear?
They rather trebly will augment their Pain,
Than I ſhall ſee my Paradiſe again.

Clar. My Father to his Foes by Heav'n reſign'd;
This to contending Nature ſeems unkind:
But I'le not dare to paſs too harſh a ſenſe
On any ways of Divine Providence,
So many Crowns our Sufferings here attend,
None for ſuch intereſt wou'd refuſe to lend.
But ſee! the *Sagan* and Prince *Phineas* here!
But oh, diſtractions in their Looks appear.

Enter diſcourſing, and in great haſte, as eſcap'd from the Fight, Sagan *and* Phineas.

Sag. Ah, Madam! All is loſt! The Sacred Man,
By Heav'n deſerted is a Priſ'ner tane.
Inſpir'd with a devout and glorious pride
To guard that Heav'n, who him its aid deny'd.
A brave retreat he to the Temple made,
To Conquer there, or periſh in its aid.
A living Rampire for a While he ſtood,
And moted round the Sacred place with blood:
The Temple trembled and the Lamps burnt dim,
Shook with the dangers that aſſaulted him;

Whilſt

Whilſt unconcern'd he on his Guard did wait,
More fixt and ſtedfaſt than the Brazen Gate;
Enduring thus a hot and furious Siege,
And even ſham'd the Heav'n he did oblige:
But e're the King, who like a whirlwind flew,
Tearing down Groves of the ſeditious Crue,
Through thick and ſtubborn Crouds cou'd make his way,
The Rebels had ſecur'd the Noble Prey.

Clar. A fall like to his life renown'd and great,
And does the ſtory of his Fame compleat.

Q. Beren. Then we are loſt, this curſed hour will prove
The fatal period of my life and love.

Clar. What I divin'd! now all my hopes are gone,
And my great Father's glorious race is run.
How fares the King?

Phin. A Sea of armed Foes
That Monarch like a flaming Iſle incloſe.

Sag. Waſte no more pretious time complaining here,
But to our Friends our quick aſſiſtance bear. [*Ex.* Phin. Sag.

Q. Beren. And am I thrown into the Rebels power,
And muſt I never ſee *Veſpaſian* more?
It cannot be decreed! I rave, I rave!
Nature no warning at our parting gave!
The Air wou'd ſure have ſigh'd, the Caves have mourn'd,
The Clouds have wept, the hollow Mountains groan'd;
All Friends of love wou'd have expreſt their fear
Of two ſo kind, ſo conſtant, and ſo dear:
Nature wou'd then have had convulſive pains,
And blood have ſtarted out from both our Veins.

Clar. Alas! too little care you did expreſs
Of ſo much love, and ſo much happineſs.
Why wou'd you thruſt your ſelf into a Den
Of Beaſts, who only have the ſhapes of Men?

Q. Beren. I came not here to offer you a Peace,
The *Roman* power and glory to increaſe;
To add to Empire was not my deſign,
Though I may hope one day it will be mine;
All my ambitions do no higher riſe,
Than at a ſmile from my *Veſpaſian*'s Eyes:
But 'twas from him all danger to remove,
Danger, the mighty Rival to my love:
Danger, that does enjoy him more than I,
To whom from me he every hour does flye;
Leaps to her arms, and I'm afraid one day
The *Harpy* will devour the glorious Prey.

Clar. Heaven's ſpecial Providence will watch to ſave,
For univerſal good, a man ſo brave.

Q. Beren.

Q. Beren. You are a Stranger to a Lover's fears,
They dangers ſpye whoſe ſhadows ſcarce appears.
In Camp how do I paſs the day in frights,
In horrid dreams and broken ſleep the nights?
With my own cryes my ſelf I often wake,
And waking, joy to find out my miſtake:
Then in a ſound and pleaſing ſleep I fall;
But in the morning for my Lord I call,
How does my Lord, to every one I cry,
If any look with a dejected eye,
But ſad or pale, for no reply I ſtay,
Conclude my Lord is ſlain, and faint away.
Clar. If ſuch vain terrours ſo much torment breed,
What wou'd you do if you were hurt indeed?
Q. Beren. What do the wounded and the dying do?
Love joyns in one, what are in Nature two:
The breaſts of Lovers but one Soul contain,
Which equally imparts delight or pain.
Once he on danger did too ſtrongly preſs;
(For he has all great Vertues in exceſs;
In gallant things endures no mean degree,
But loves and fights ſtill in extremity)
When, oh! he wounded did return from fight,
You may conceive th' effect of ſuch a ſight.
My ſorrows violence no tongue can tell,
Thrice in my Womens arms all cold I fell;
And only was to wretched life again
Tormented, by the throbbing of his pain.
Hourly I watch'd by him both night and day,
And never mov'd, but when I ſwoon'd away.
My eye for ever fixt on him I kept,
Nor loſt the ſight of him but when I wept:
In all his pains I groan'd, his Fevers burn'd,
Nor found I health or eaſe till his return'd.
Clar. Are theſe the ſympathies that kindneſs prove?
I fear then I have the diſeaſe of love.
At the brave King the Darts and Javelins flye,
But it is I am hurt, and I that dye.
Q. Beren. And has Victorious Love, ſo long ſuppreſt,
Obtain'd at length Dominion in your breaſt?
Clar. If Pity can be Love, then I confeſs
I Love that valiant Monarch to exceſs.
Q. Beren. Under Compaſſion you wou'd Love diſguiſe,
There is no hiding Love from Lover's Eyes.
Clar. Perhaps I love, I ſcarce the difference know,
But Pity's all that I ſhall ever ſhow.
Q. Beren. Your Father's Fate requires ſo great a ſhare

Of grief and pity, you have none to ſpare.
Clar. I rather triumph in my Father's Fate,
Since Heavenly Glories on his ſufferings wait:
But the poor King has no one to repay
The Royal life for me he throws away.
Q. Beren. Oh! did he know you lov'd he could not dye,
No more than thoſe who enter heavenly joy.
Clar. Know it he may, enjoy it never can;
'Twixt my embraces and that glorious man,
Religious Vows have wider diſtance made,
Than if there were whole worlds betwixt us laid.
Q. Beren. Were worlds betwixt you, bigger all than this,
Love o're 'em all would mount, to flye to bliſs.
Millions of Leagues that Hawk his aiery ſpies,
And whereſoe're you perch him, home he flyes.
Clar. He muſt not flye within Religion's Grounds.
Q. Beren. Nor ought Religion to invade his Bounds.
Come, to ſome Tower let's our ſelves betake,
Where each of us a brave defence will make,
Leſs for her own, than for her Lover's ſake. [*Ex. Omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Temple.

After a Noiſe of fighting, Enter John, Eleazar, *and the* Phariſees, *leading* Matthias *bound.*

Eleaz. Kill, Kill the Prieſt! to ſave whoſe curſed head
The blood of Saints is ſo Profuſely ſhed!
1. *Phar.* Make the bold Heathen King his rage repent,
Fix the Prieſt's head upon the Battlement.
John. Yes, Sir, you dye——You have a Tyrant bin.
Eleaz. Bane of Religion———
2. *Phar.* A ſupport of ſin!
John. Greedy of wealth.
Eleaz. Ambitious and profane!
3. *Phar.* Enſlaving us, that you alone might raign.
1. *Phar.* Deſpiſing all that our Traditions own.
John. Hater of Zeal, becauſe your ſelf had none.
Eleaz. Patron of all that to your ſide you gain,
Proſelyte, Gentile, or *Samaritan.*
2. *Phar.* And that for which you moſt deſerve to dye,
An open favourer of Idolatry.
3. *Phar.* Yes, Sir, for power you would to *Rome* have ſold,

Our

Our Temple, Altars, and our ſacred Gold;
And plac'd their Idols here, provided you
Might have been made a mighty Idol too.
John. *Rome* was the Idol which you worſhip'd here,
Your *Dagon*, *Aſhtaroth*, and *Baal-Peor*.
Eleaz. You are her Prieſt, ſhe plac'd you in her Chair.
1. *Phar.* Theſe are her Robes and Ornaments you wear.
2. *Phar.* And to your mighty *Moloch*'s bloody Shrine,
You did our lives in Sacrifice deſign.
Matth. Amazing Impudence!
John. Come, do not flye
To ſuch vain Trifles, but prepare to dye:
They will not here ſo eaſily believe;
Let not vain hopes of life your Soul deceive;
For though I to your Crimes expreſs ſome hate,
I have a Jewiſh Charity for that.
Matth. Oh Heavens!———
John. What ſtill in this diſorder keep!
Alas! the doleful Object makes me weep!
An aged man!——nay more a reverend Prieſt!
At his laſt hour in falſhood thus perſiſt.
Eleaz. Tears for ſuch Sinners ought not to be ſpilt.
3. *Phar.* His Age and Office aggravates his Guilt.
1. *Phar.* A Prieſt ſell Heav'n a little power to gain?
Eleaz. A Prieſt ſo proud?
John. An aged man ſo vain?
Matth. Oh! Divine goodneſs lend my Spirit Power,
To rule it ſelf in this tempeſtuous hour.
Eleaz. Come, bind his Eyes.
Matth. What in the Temple too?
To Heav'n it ſelf is there no reverence due?
2. *Phar.* You talk of Heaven!
Eleaz. You Sacriledge reprove,
When if not hindred by the Power above,
A Tyrant's Image had defil'd this place?
John. So much diſſembling in that aged face!
2. *Phar.* Mock Heav'n the inſtant you expect to dye!
John. Do you the being of that Power deny?
Methinks if Conſcience no reſpect can gain;
Shame before me a little ſhould reſtrain.
Do not I know?———Oh, that I ne're had known;
It coſts me many a moſt bitter groan.
Eleaz. Grieve not your ſelf, your Cauſe needs no defence.
John. Oh! Divine Gift! of uſeful impudence. [*Aſide.*
Matth. Oh! glorious being! for thy Honour's ſake,
Some ſwift revenge on theſe Apoſtates take.
Eleaz. Come, to the work——Let us no longer wait:

But see! the Gentile King has forc'd the Gate.
Omnes. We are betray'd!

{Phraartes, *Guard, enter and pursue the Rebels, who retire and shut the door after them.*

Phra. What horrid sight is this? {*Sees* Matthias *bound ready to dye.*
To what curst Demon is this Sacrifice?
Pursue, pursue the Dogs ——
Phin. This cursed Tower
Secures the bloody Rebels from our power.
Phra. Fire it, let Flames the savage Villains chace.
Phin. It lodges, Sir, too near this sacred place.
Phra. The sacred place! there can be no such thing;
The world has nothing sacred but a King.
I am prophan'd, and I revenge will have.
Matth. O Truth! why dwell'st thou not in Souls so brave?
Calm, Sir, your Royal Soul! your just desire
Heav'n will pursue, with swifter wings then fire.
Their crying Sins that sleepy Vengance wake,
Which mounted, soon their Troops shall overtake.
But oh what Crowns in Heav'n are forming now,
By Angels hands, for our preservers brow?
Phra. Oh! my good Father! there was once an hour,
When you had greater Treasure in your power:
Now you may turn me off from Heav'n for pay,
For all his Treasure you have given away.
Matth. When I enjoy'd this Wealth I do not know,
Nor yet to whom I did this bounty show?
Phra. Nay it is that that makes my grief extreme,
You have bestow'd it on a Cloud, a Dream.
An empty shadow does my hopes destroy:
Were he a mortal did the Gift enjoy,
With Kingdoms I would hire him to resign,
Or spight of it my Sword should make it mine.
But like *Cambises* here I madly stand,
To fight with winds, and conquer flying Sand:
Roving imaginations of the mind,
That flye around the world, and Reason blind.
Forgive my words, forc't from me by my pain;
'Tis of Religion (Father) I complain,
And your fair Daughter is the Gift I mean.
Matth. Has she the subject of this wonder been?
Is that the Prize shou'd be so dearly bought,
A poor and humble Maid below your thought?
She to Religion may her self bestow,
Who has no taste of any thing below.

And

And ſay Religion, Sir, ſhou'd nothing be,
Then nothing beſt with nothing will agree;
And ſhe ſo little feels the joys of ſenſe,
She's next to nothing in indifference.
What ſhou'd ſhe do with Subjects, and a Throne,
Who half her life is on her knees alone?
She to a Lover will give ſmall delight,
Who waſtes in Prayer two Watches of the Night.
Beſides, ſhe beauty wants a Throne to Grace,
And fill with Pleaſures ſuch a Kings embrace.
Phra. Good Father, you are skill'd in things above,
Leave Beauty to be judg'd by Youth and Love.

Enter Clarona, Phedra, *Women, attended with a Guard.*

Clar. Are my Prayers heard, do I my Father ſee?
And is he ſafe from Rebels Cruelty?
Matth. By this great King's protection yet I live,
To whom next Heav'n thou muſt thy Praiſes give,
And, wou'd Religion with her Title part,
On whom thou oughteſt to beſtow thy heart.
Oh! Daughter, we his kindneſs ill repay;
He gives us joy, and we take his away,
Phra. Yes, Madam, I in inſolence improve;
For now in ſpight of your Commands I love.
Sentence of Baniſhment on me you laid,
And I ſome Tryals of Obedience made:
But all my ſtrife with mighty Love was vain,
It did compel me to return again,
And fix my ſelf on you, my place of reſt;
You I muſt love, and in your love be bleſt.
Clar. Still do thoſe thoughts your mighty mind purſue?
Alas! they torture me now more than you.
Before it was the *Parthian* King did crave,
But now the Prince who did my Father ſave.
He asks my love, to whom my life I owe;
Sir, ask me any thing I can beſtow,
If then I prove to your entreaties rude,
Call me a Monſter of Ingratitude.
Phra. For the too cruel doom to me decreed,
I know you Nature and Religion plead;
That both have firmly againſt Love combin'd,
Nature has made it hateful to your mind,
Religion has deform'd it into Sin:
But, Madam, I am all a ſtorm within:
My Reaſon cannot hear one word you ſay;
My raging Love blows all the ſound away.

Matth.

Matth. Pity ſuch ſtormy Paſſions, Sir, ſhou'd blow
In a brave Heart, where ſuch great Virtues grow.
Clar. With love ſo generous I cou'd comply,
Did not Religion and my Vows deny.
Phra. No more to me that Dream Religion name,
On more ſubſtantial Cauſes lay the blame:
Say I have ſomething does your hatred move,
Or that I am not worthy of your love:
That I'm a baniſh'd King, and want a Crown,
And have not yet reveng'd my wrong'd Renown.
Say this, and I will ſatisfi'd remain,
'Till I my Honour right, my Empire gain,
'Till *Rome*, nay 'till the Captive World, I bring
To beg you to have pity on their King.
Clar. Sir, for your love, no Beauty upon Earth
But might adore the Stars that rul'd their Birth.
In you, Sir, all their longings may be Crown'd:
Do they love Glory, here 'tis to be found;
If Valour, never was a Man ſo brave;
If Love, here's all that they can wiſh to have;
If Noble Form, here they may pleaſe their ſight,
With all that is in Nature exquiſite.
Phra. Say all theſe things, and love deny?
Clar. I at this Price Eternal Glory buy.
Phra. Eternal Glory!——Oh! that ſounding word!
Did it the joy of one hour's love afford,
Or what a minute's pleaſing Dream beſtows,
Then you gain ſomething for the joys you loſe;
But do not ſacrifice me to a ſound,
Where no delight or meaning can be found.
Matth. Your Royal Soul has only yet perus'd
The Book of Nature, which is all confus'd:
Religion ſhews you more of Heavenly good,
Than ever Nature taught or underſtood.
Clar. Or truth or falſhood which ſo e're it be,
If I believe it, it is truth to me.
Then, Sir, forgive me if I dare not love,
I dare not to Religion faithleſs prove.
Suppoſe, Sir, I had vow'd my ſelf to you,
Wou'd you be willing I ſhou'd prove untrue?
And if I break my Vows with Powers above,
Conſider I may then prove falſe to Love.
Phra. Then give to Heav'n the Soul which you have vow'd,
But let theſe Beauties be on Love beſtow'd.
Let me enjoy thoſe Hands, thoſe Lips, thoſe Eyes,
Which only Fleſh and Blood know how to prize,
And will not Heaven's Eſtate at all impair,

And I will be contented with my ſhare.
Clar. All is Religion's.
Phra. Do not tell me, all! ——
Clar. It is too late my Vows, Sir, to recall.
Phra. All or not all, Heaven's right retain or give;
Love muſt have ſomething that he may but live.
Clar. What, Father, can be done?
Matth. I do not know,
Fain wou'd I pay the mighty Debt we owe.
Clar. Me from my Birth your ſelf to Altars vowed.
Matth. But by the Law Redemption is allowed.
Phra. Oh! bleſſed News! ſome hope is drawing nigh!
Can I her freedom with my Kingdom buy?
Matth. Much lower price will do it——keep your Crown,
Heaven needs it not, the World is all his own.
Clar. I've vow'd my ſelf.
Matth. That is as I allow:
Subjects and Children have no right to vow.
When Kings or Parents their conſent deny,
A Solemn League is Solemn Villany.
But oh! I gave you my conſent with joy.
Phra Oh! do not now my infant hopes deſtroy!
Matth. Alas? my Reaſon no more aid can lend.
Phra. How long ſhall I with Shadows here contend?
I'm kept a Priſ'ner in Religious Rules, [*Aſide.*
And holy Laws the common Jail of Fools.
That I cou'd travel to ſome happy Star,
Or other Worlds remov'd from this ſo far,
Where the great Bell Religion is not heard,
Nor Men out of the uſe of Reaſon ſcar'd;
Where happy Souls enjoy unbroken reſts,
And have not their delights diſturb'd by Prieſts,
Who dayly tolling of this Bell are found,
And no Man lives out of the frightful ſound.
Matth. I ſee I'm thruſt on ill, deny or grant,
I muſt rob Heaven, or let you ſtarve for want.
Men are all Cruelty, but Heaven will ſpare,
I'le truſt him, and Religious ſufferings bear.
Take her, but know I ſteal from Wealth Divine,
And for your uſe the Gold of Altars coin.
Clar. Who gave my being, may of me diſpoſe,
I yield the Gift a Father's right beſtows.
Phra. Soul ſummon all thy force thy joy to bear,
Whilſt on this hand Eternal love I ſwear.
Clar. Now I am wholly at the King's Commands,
I kneel and beg moſt humbly at his hands,
My Joy, my Peace, my Everlaſting Crown,

All

All which I've humbly at his feet laid down.
Phra. What means my Queen? what is it she wou'd have?
Clar. What I have sworn to carry to my Grave,
And must, or perish in its just defence,
I mean my spotless Virgin innocence.
Phra. Was e're such a request to Lover made?
Think you that such Commands can be obey'd?
Clar. Yes, or for ever I must wretched prove.
Phra. Ask not, unless you think I do not love.
Clar. Sir, if you do, then let your love be seen.
Phra. It quickly shall——I'le make you such a Queen——
Clar. You may, the happiest that did ever Reign,
By your restoring Heaven to me again.
Phra. To night I'le give it in your Bridal Bed.
Clar. First round the World let me in Chains be led.
Phra. These are not sure your thoughts, think once again.
Clar. The resolution I'le to death retain.
Phra. Is this my Bridal Song? a sweeter sound
Should in that heavenly voice methinks be found,
Altars, to your Omnipotence I bow,
From me you force what Armies cou'd not do:
What you will have, no power can retain.
Fair Saint! I give you to your Vows again.
Sleep on and dream of mighty things above,
I will not wake you any more with love.
Matth. Live, King *Phraartes*, let *Jerusalem* ring.
Clar. All chaste and holy Maids his praises sing.
All. Long live King *Phraartes*!
Phra. But must I all of you to Heaven resign?
May not this Hand, those charming Eyes be mine?
Clar. I'll grant the King, sure, any modest Prayer.
Phra. Pray give me all of you that Heaven can spare.
Clar. You shall have all the joys in friendship's store.
Phra. I'le be content, since I must have no more.
You shall remain my Sacred Maiden Queen,
A Glorious Treasure only to be seen.
All. Long live King *Phraartes*.

[*Enter Messenger*, Sagan, *and* Phineas.

Mess. Ah, Sir, new terrour the whole City fills,
An Army covers all the Neighbouring Hills;
A dreadful shadow o're each Valley falls,
And *Roman* Eagles hover near our Walls.
Queen *Berenice*, transported with the sight,
Prepares her Chariots to be gone to night;
The raging People rouz'd with these Alarms,
In wild distractions all betake to Arms.
Phra. Friend thou dost glorious tydings to me bring,

Now

Now there is buſineſs worthy of a King.
Matth. Arriv'd e're we are fitted for defence.
Phin. We have been wrong'd with falſe Intelligence.
Sag. Sure all our Scouts have been ſurpriz'd, or ſlain!
Matth. Haſte, leſt the Thieves by this advantage gain,
Shut all the Gates, and guard the outward Courts,
But chiefly watch the Rebels ſtrong reſorts:
Then place our Standard by the Camp Divine,
And there in Arms let all the People join.
Phin. Sure they a reſolute defence will make,
Since in the Town our Nation lies at ſtake;
Hither our Tribes are from all places come,
Fear has drove thouſands, and devotion ſome.
Some for the Paſſeover that's drawing nigh,
But thouſands only here for refuge flye.
Theſe Buildings harbour on a various ſcore,
Two hundred Legions of our Race and more.
But on what e're intent they here prepare,
They to their Wealth and Lives Devotion bear.
Matth. Let 'em all Arm—for though the Foe is brave,
I on no terms a Peace with *Rome* will have.
The Cauſe is Heaven's, and let the Power Divine
Relinquiſh me, if I his right reſign.
Phra. Father, your Foes already have their doom;
Triumph this moment for the fall of *Rome*:
Her ſlaughter'd Legions feed your Beaſts and Fowls,
Dung Earth with Carcaſes, and Hell with Souls;
The Chains of all the Captive Kings, and States
Their Power oppreſs, are fallen at your Gates:
Hither by Fate is all their Glory hurl'd,
Stoop and take up the Empire of the World.
For he who Being to *Clarona* gave,
Ought the World's Empire in reward to have. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The EPILOGUE to the First Part.

SO, Heaven be thank'd, the Play is at an end,
The best pretence it has to gain a Friend.
But this design's to draw another on,
But you may damn 'em now both under one:
Faults to deserve it every Critick sees,
And they and we, both want no Enemies.
First all you Wits, who for some secret Crime,
Have taken up a pique against poor Rhime,
And you at present are no little store;
And next the Poets Foes, and they are more.
Then all whom Priests and Women Saints displease,
A small and trifling number——next to these,
(If any such can be) the pious Few;
The frantique part of all our Nation too,
Fanaticks, who'll be angry with us all,
For ripping up the base Original;
Shewing their Sires, the Pharisees, from whom
They and their Cheats by long succession come:
Whom they're so like, the diff'rence duly priz'd,
Fanaticks are but Jews uncircumciz'd.
These Plays then must have luck to be long liv'd,
None e're for damning better were contriv'd.
What made the Poet on Jerus'lem *fall?*
A Tale of Sodom *wou'd ha' pleas'd you all.*
But he at shew and great Machines might aim,
Fine Chairs to carry Poetry when lame,
On Ropes instead of Raptures to relye,
When the sense creeps, to make the Actors flye.
These Tricks upon our Stage will never hit,
Our Company is for the old way of Wit.
Then Actors plaid on Nature's charge alone,
And only Poets then could be undone;
But now they lean so heavy on the Age,
One Blockhead Poet falling breaks a Stage.
Then Gentlemen for Plays so much distrest,
Naked of shew, by Enemies oppress,
The Poet begs the aid of all the brave;
And that he some pretence may have,
First for his Rhime he pardon does implore,
And promises to ring those Chimes no more:
Next for Jerus'lem, *but with patience stay,*
And you shall see it burnt in the next Play:
And last to take away all sad Complaints,
These Plays debauch our Women into Saints,
Forgive it in the Plays, and we'll engage,
They shall be Saints no where but on the Stage.

FINIS.

THE

DESTRUCTION

OF

Jeruſalem

BY

Titus Veſpaſian.

The Second Part.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *CROWNE.*

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley,* at the Poſt-houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet,* in *Covent-Garden,* 1693.

THE

PROLOGUE.

HOw! once again this fair and noble Shew!
The Poet hopes you will good natur'd grow:
He ſhew'd before his Muſe but to the waſt;
The Jewiſh *Harlot hopes her danger's paſt,*
If ſhe above cou'd ought to pleaſe you ſhew
You will implicitely like all below.
The Fool is hardy who to write does dare;
As ſtrong in Brain as Sampſon *in his Hair*
He needs to be, who conquers when he writes,
The Pit Philiſtines, *Gall'ry* Girgaſhites.
But what Allies to aid him he does chuſe?
Prieſts, Women Saints, and Pharaſaick Jews.
You wicked Wits all Holy things deſpiſe,
More charm in 'em then you perceive there lyes.
Have you forgot ſince Wit was fool'd by Cant?
The Hero *ruin'd by the ſneaking Saint?*
Saintſhip was making of a wicked face?
And ſnuffling was a certain ſign of Grace?
Since by a fine diſtinction then in vogue,
The inward Saint was only fac'd with Rogue?
And men did ſubt'ly ſplit themſelves in two,
And th'outward man did all the miſchief do?
If the good Brethren by a chance did fall,
In that deep pit of ſin you wenching call,
'Twas but the outward Knave that was unchaſt,
And Siſters ſinn'd but downward from the waſt;
The inward Maid as chaſt was as before,
And th'upper parts did ſanctifie the low'r.
Thus they cou'd ſin, and yet be Siſters too;
Women are Wenches ſtraight, who ſin with you.
Since thoſe falſe Phariſees did works ſo great,
Why may not true ones do a little cheat?
Pervert your likings to theſe wretched Plays,
And make you for a Wit the Scribler praiſe.
Tub preachers rid you all for years at leaſt,
Pray for an hour endure a Jewiſh *Prieſt;*
So make the Stage ſucceſsful as the Tub,
And Criticks may ſucceed to Beelzebub.

The

The Play ended, Mrs. *Marſhal* returns and ſpeaks the EPILOGUE, in the Character of Queen *Berenice.*

HOw! is the Gallant Britiſh *Nation here!*
Nay then in ſpite of Titus *I'll appear,*
And make this brave Aſſembly judge my Cauſe;
Wou'd you forſake your Loves for fear of Laws?
You are ſo brave, where Love is in the caſe,
Men fear no danger, Women no diſgrace.
A Confident is out o' faſhion grown,
Or any Common Friend will ſerve for one.
Who, Madam, pays your Eyes their Tribute due?
——'Tis my Lord ſuch a one:——And, is he true?——
——Oh! very true, and worthy my eſteem.——
——And, Madam, had you pritty Miſs by him?——
——Yes, Madam;——Oh! we lead a pleaſant life,
Lord how we laugh at his poor nauſeous Wife!——
——I thought you were ador'd by ſuch a one:
——I lov'd him firſt, but that Intrigue is done.——
——Why did you part?——He was a Younger Brother;
Beſides, we grew a weary of each other.
Thus brave are you, nor can you well forbear;
Your Women Charming, Men moſt gallant are.
With this ſmall Beauty I might Servants have,
Now I am free; but I your pardon crave,
I never more will any Friendſhips make,
For my unkind, unconſtant Lovers ſake.
No,— you in Love as Gauls *do in the Field,*
Charge fierce, ſubdue, but ſoon your Conqueſts yield:
Never keep long the Beauties which you take,
But firſt diſmantle 'em, then give 'em back.
Then to all new Intrigues a long farewell;
But Woman-like, though I diſſemble well,
I love to talk of my falſe Lover oft;
And if the paſſions I have ſigh'd be ſoft,
And ſuch as may unhappy Beauties pleaſe,
All you forſaken ſlighted Miſtreſſes,
In mine, to hear your own complainings come;
'Tis better then to mope alone at home,
Or in the Rooms, where firſt your hearts were won,
Or private Lodgings, where they were——undone.
Come all of you; but if the half reſort,
Queen Berenice *will have a crouded Court.*

THE

THE DESTRUCTION OF Jeruſalem.

PART II.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

TITUS *alone, ſitting melancholly in his Tent.*

Tit. NO more, no more——whilſt I her Doom delay,
My Heart each hour I to new pains betray;
The more I think, the leſs reſolv'd I prove,
And I but wider tear the wounds of Love,
Theſe thoughts no more ſhall in my Soul conteſt,
I'll pull this ſhaft of Love out of my Breaſt,
And with one 'ſpatch conclude my ling'ring pain;
This day two Victories at once I'll gain
Over my Heart, and this Rebellious Town,
Conclude at once their Sorrows and my own,
Subdue both Love and them, my Fame complete;
Glory begins to riſe, now Love muſt ſet.
Said I, my Sorrows now an end ſhould know,
Veſpatian never wretched was till now!
I fight to purchaſe what I not regard,
Rome with my ruine does my Sword reward.
Gods!——the Queens Sentence I muſt quickly ſpeak.
Or I ſhall all my reſolutions break.
Who waits?—— [*Enter an Officer.*

Off. My Lord!——

Tit. How forward is the day?

Off. The Sun does o're the Hills his Beams diſplay.

Tit.

Tit. The loitring morn does me a while prevent;
The beautious Queen now ſlumbers in her Tent:
Some God in dream the fatal tydings bear,
And for her doom her Noble Soul prepare.
Till ſhe awakes I muſt my Love reprieve,
Mean while I for th' aſſault will Orders give.

Trumpets ſound, and a Centurian Enters.

Cent. Great Sir! *Tiberias* with the Kings attend
Without your Tent, and for admiſſion ſend.
Tit. Conduct 'em in, they opportunely come,
Now ſtubborn Town I muſt pronounce thy doom.

Centurian goes out, and immediately enter Tiberias, Malchus, *and* Antiochus.

Tib. All health! to glorious *Ceſar!* duty brings
My ſelf, and your Allies, theſe brave young Kings,
Thus early, Sir, your great Commands to know;
Both they and all your Troops impatient grow,
Your mercy longer ſhould theſe Rebels ſave,
And humbly beg they may permiſſion have
To throw this City, without more delay,
Beneath your feet, and end the War do day.
Tit. Theſe valiant Monarchs my deſires prevent,
What they petition is my own intent.
Theſe Slaves no more my mercy ſhall out-brave,
Yet I would this moſt ſplendid City ſave.
Methinks it does a Noble Town appear;
Gods Might forſake their Heaven t'inhabit here.
With much delight I from my Camp behold
Their ſhining Temple, flaming all with Gold;
Which every morning puts ſuch Glory on,
I oft miſtake it for the riſing Sun.
The Mountain which ſupports the ſplendid weight,
Under the bright oppreſſion ſeems to ſweat;
Whilſt flocking Gods from every Region come,
Deſpiſing all their little Fanes at home.
Mal. To ſhining walls do you ſuch kindneſs bear?
For the Den's ſake will you the Wild-beaſts ſpare?
Ant. Three months your gen'rous ſelf you deaf have ſhewn
To th'importunings of your own renown;
Feeding your hungry Eagles every day,
Only in pity to the trembling prey,
Tiring the Arms of Fame, who to preſent,
Her load of Crowns has waited at your Tent.
Tib. Both Men and Gods, aſtoniſh'd, Sir, appear

To

To see a Den of famisht Rebels here,
Which might so soon out of your way be hurl'd,
Retard you from the Conquest of the World.
Mal. But how much longer shall, may soon be known;
Two walls your Rams beneath your feet have thrown,
That now the Town has in its sad distress
But one poor wall to hide her nakedness.
Ant. Yes, mighty *Cæsar* has one Robe bestow'd,
A work that might become some pow'rful God;
A wall wherewith he has their Tow'rs confin'd.
As if to make new wonders for Mankind:
Built by your Legions in the little space,
The Sun but thrice drove round his daily race;
That the fourth morning the astonish'd Sun
Stood still to gaze on what your Troops had done;
And now these Crowds cannot your anger fly,
They have no way to scape you, but to die.
Tit. You saw, constrain'd by famine, how they fought,
Grass, Hay or Dung, at what dear rates they bought;
Around the Meadows they would fiercely range,
And freely Blood for Juice of Grass exchange:
Nay with the plenty grew luxurious too,
Were fat with Grass, and drunk with morning Dew,
That I was forc'd this remedy to take,
Both for my Men, and for my Horses sake;
Most for their own, whom I would fain reprieve,
Compel to taste my clemency, and live.
Tib. Yes, Sir, but e're they will a *Roman* serve,
The foolish slaves in malice chuse to starve:
Shut in with Famine, he such shoals does eat,
The savage Monster will our Swords defeat;
Each Ditch and Vault his foul provisions fill;
There scarce are living left enow to kill.
Tit. A strange distraction on these wretches seize.
Mal. The Nobler *Jews* are sick of that disease,
Religious madness does their minds oppress,
And with strange dreams their raving thoughts possess:
Past cure of Hunger, Darkness, Iron Rods,
They talk of nought but Heav'n, Religion, Gods,
Of conqu'ring you, nay of enslaving *Rome*,
Of Empire here, and Paradise to come.
Ant. Nay, every moment they expect a King
Of their own Nation who shall succour bring,
Strange wonders do, both teach and rule the Earth,
And think the Clouds big with this mighty Birth:
It never thunders but they think he calls;
Each storm they watch to catch him as he falls.

Tib. Some fondly dream, the *Parthian* King is he;
Think him the eldeſt Son of Propheſie.
Find him Inroll'd in their Divine Record,
And ſee ſtrange wonders budding on his Sword.
A mighty Empire is in him begun,
He drives along the Chariot of their Sun.
Behind the Hills already it appears,
His Valour laſhes on the loytring years.
Tit. Poor Prince! to vault up to ſuch heights as thoſe,
Improper ground he for his riſe has choſe.
My injur'd patience ſhall no longer wait;
This night I have decreed the Cities fate;
And the laſt Morning now is drawing on
The Sun ſhall riſe o're this Rebellious Town.
To all my Squadrons ſtricteſt Orders bear,
They for a general Aſſault prepare.
And if the Rebels ſtill my mercy ſlight,
Bury the City out of humane ſight,
Only from ruine ſave the bright abode
Of their great Power, I would oblige that God;
To aid Rebellion, nobly he diſdains;
Beſides the Pile my Admiration gains:
What elſe of greatneſs may deſerve the name,
Preſerve for Monuments of *Roman* fame.
Tib. How will Heav'ns Vaults with Acclamations ring,
When theſe Commands we to the Army bring?
Mal. For this my *Arabs* have impatient been.
Ant. No leſs have all my Slaves of *Comagene*.
Tit. But that this ſtubborn City yet may find
How much to Clemency I am inclin'd,
Through all my Army Proclamation make,
That all who to my Mercy will betake,
I'll gladly as my beſt of Friends regard,
And not alone will pardon, but reward;
But no compaſſion ſhall prevail for them,
Who this my proffer'd Mercy dare contemn.
Tib. Severity to ſome would thouſands ſave;
And, Sir, your Legions Troops of Captives have;
If *Cæſar* pleaſe, e're we the fight begin,
We will for terrour to the Slaves within,
The Rebel Captives, ta'ne in heat of fight,
Fix on high Croſſes in their Brethrens ſight:
The horrid Spectacle will batter down
Their Souls, as faſt as Engines do the Town.
Tit. Streight let the Orders through my Camp be ſpread.

Tib. *whiſpers a Cent. who goes out.*

Mal. I mighty *Cæſar*'s pleaſure at the head
Of all my Troops will wait.—— [*Exit.*
Ant. And I at mine;
My Squadrons ſoon ſhall be prepar'd to joyn. [*Exit.*

A Shout.

Tib. Hark! from the Camp glad ſhouts invade the Air,
The News are ſpread, and all with joy prepare.
Like fiery Steeds they bound, and beat the Plains,
And loudly neigh to feel the ſlackned Reins.

Ratling of Chains, and a loud cry as of many Priſoners within, calling for mercy.

Tib. The condemn'd Captives now are led to die,
And vainly to your Guards for mercy cry.
Tit. Theſe wretches ſorrows move me; none before
From me did mercy undeni'd implore.
Tib. Now e're our Legions towards the City move, [*Aſide.*
I muſt aſſault a while my General's Love,
To rowze his Soul muſt be my ſpeedy care;
To a bright Heaven he ſhortly will repair,
Where his fair Queen will no admiſſion find.
Already I have ſtirr'd his Noble mind;
But I'm afraid again he's faln aſleep,
And the ſweet dream his Soul does pris'ner keep;
I muſt no longer the Alarm delay,
For the whole Empire for his waking ſtay.
Tit. Now to my Friend *Tiberias* I'le impart [*Aſide.*
The ſtrange decree of my revolting heart:
The victory, it o're that fire does gain,
He, and all *Rome* ſo long oppos'd in vain.
Tib. Now, Sir, one word!——
Tit. Ah! Friend! thy thoughts I gueſs,
Againſt my love thou ſomething would'ſt expreſs.
Tib. The time is drawing near!——
Tit. Oh! how I grieve!
Muſt I the joys of Love for Empire leave?
Tib. My boldneſs, *Cæſar*, puniſh or forgive,
Your belov'd paſſion muſt no longer live.
You know *Rome* waits but till this Siege be done,
To place you Partner in your Father's Throne.
The Empire will not for his ſetting ſtay,
She'l have no twilight, but perpetual day:

But certain Laws each ſtep to Glory guard,
As e're in th'upper world for the reward
Of your great deeds a Godhead you receive,
You firſt by Natures Law this world muſt leave;
So by the Laws of *Rome*, e're you remove
To Pow'r and Empire, you muſt dye to Love.
I mean this Love, which you deſcend to place
On a Crown'd Head, and one of forreign Race.
For, to be plain, *Rome* never will admit
A Queen on her Imperial Throne ſhould ſit;
'Leſs that her Laws you ſhould with one out-brave,
Who wears her Chains, and is her Royal Slave.
On *Cæſar*'s noble Nature I preſume;
But I muſt venture whatſoe're's my doom.
None vainly will deceive a dying friend;
You to new Worlds of Glory now aſcend.
And, Sir, it's my duty to declare
You are for Heaven, and bid you ſtreight prepare.
Tit. Thy Counſels all from perfect friendſhip flow:
Too well the *Roman* Laws and pride I know.
Oh! Gods! what charming love muſt I forſake?
Tib. Of that, Great Sir, there's none diſpute will make.
Tit. Ah! Friend! more charming than thou can'ſt believe,
Or raiſe imagination to conceive.
Like frozen Climates thou my Sun may'ſt ſee,
But what I feel is myſtery to thee.
She ne're unvails her beauty to my ſight,
But my Soul's loſt in mazes of delight!
My thirſty Eyes drink in a ſecret fire,
I feel a joy no repetitions tire.
Her charms each day with freſh delight I view,
And ſtill diſcover in 'em ſomething new.
Tib. What muſt be done, Sir, will you then proceed?
Tit. Ah! who can ſoon from ſuch a love be freed?
Yet Friend, to ſhew my Glory I'le compleat,
That nothing for my Courage is too great.
Againſt this Love, which is to me ſo dear,
From my own mouth this wondrous ſentence hear:
Know then, the hour I all my hopes can crown,
Now Heav'n rains on me all wiſh'd Bleſſings down;
Now ſmiling Fate makes Garlands for my Soul,
And ſpreads a mighty Bed for Love to rowl;
To the fair Queen I go, ſtrange news to bear!
I go——Oh! Heavens!——I go——now to declare.
Tib. What, Sir?
Tit. That thou would'ſt ne're believe before,

That

That we must never see each other more.
Tib. Amazing News!
Tit. Tiberias, 'tis decreed!
My heart does for the Queens misfortunes bleed;
I fear of fatal consequence 'twill prove!
But nothing can my resolutions move.
Seven days my lab'ring Soul in pain has been,
To break the fatal tidings to the Queen.
Sometimes in sighs I would my thoughts express,
And fain would have her my intentions guess.
But she, who nobly on my faith relies,
Little suspects when the false sighs arise.
Sure of my heart, and lavish of her own,
Mistakes th' intention of my secret moan.
Pities my sorrows, and more charming grows,
And all my courage wholly overthrows.
But now, I've all my constancy alarm'd,
My Soul is fix'd, and I am wholly arm'd.
Tib. Oh! wondrous Conquest! now your glorious name,
And mighty deeds, shall fill the mouth of Fame.
You barb'rous Nations did subdue before,
But now your self chose Nations Conquerour;
Though some rude fears into our minds would press,
Yet, Sir, from you we did expect no less.
Tit. Oh! we with specious names our selves deceive,
And solid Joys for empty Titles leave.
Oh! Gods! what pleasures now do I forsake!
I'll think no more, my constancy will shake.
You flatt'ring dreams of Love be gone from hence,
I'll do't, and ne're regard the consequence.

Trumpets, and enter an Officer.

Off. Great Sir, the Queen is lighted at the Tent.
Tit. Ah! Friend!
Tib. How, Sir? so soon your Courage spent?
And in the field e're you the fight begin?
Is this the time——
Tit. No more,——Conduct her in.

Enter Berenice, Semandra.

Ber. My Lord in health! now I am eas'd of pain,
And my minds quiet is return'd again.
A foolish dream tormented me to night;
What, matters not, now I have you in sight.

But ha! I in your looks a ſadneſs ſpy;
You only to my words with ſighs reply.
Muſt all your thoughts to Fame devoted be:
Can you afford no room in 'em for me?
If preſent thus you baniſh me your mind,
My Image ſure does cold acceptance find
In your retiring heart, when I am gone,
And left it quite to your diſpoſe alone.

Tit. Ah! Madam! all the Gods can witneſs bear,
Queen *Berenice* is always preſent there.
No time, nor abſence ever ſhall deface
That Image Love once in my heart did place.

Ber. Why, Sir, do you invoke the Gods for this?
Does *Titus* need a friend to *Berenice?*
All they can witneſs will ſuperfluous be;
Titus is Heav'n, and all the Gods to me.

Tit. Ye Gods! how dearly muſt I Empire buy? [*Aſide.*
You keep the rates of Glory up too high.
And too ſevere a task of me require,
Who no delight but *Berenice* deſire.

Tib. Cæſar is loſt! what charms does ſhe diſplay? [*Aſide.*
Stifled in ſweets his Courage faints away.

Ber. Ah! Sir! your Eyes do from me withdraw,
As if ſome ill unpleaſing thing you ſaw.
Alas! permit me to relate my fears,
Methinks of late a change in you appears;
Theſe ſeven days I have not gain'd a word,
Your alter'd looks did not one ſmile afford:
Alas! to doubt your love I do not dare,
And yet I cannot from ſome fear forbear;
Theſe Omens muſt forebode ſome ill I'm ſure.
My fate has been too happy to endure.
Say then, whence ſprings this trouble? if from me,
Tell me, and I will die to ſet you free;
For all is done, that I was born to do,
If I can add no more delight to you:
For you are all——

Tit. Madam, no more, no more——
On me too liberally you Favours pour;
For on a moſt ungrateful man they fall.

Ber. Ah! Sir! do you your ſelf ungrateful call?
Perhaps you weary of my kindneſs grow,
That never was a trouble thought till now.
I have liv'd long enough, if that be true;
For all the joy I take in life is you.

Tit. My ſorrow, Madam, ſince I muſt reveal,——

My

My heart did never greater paſſion feel.——
But——
Ber. Finiſh, Sir!——
Tit. Alas!——
Ber. Speak, ſpeak my doom.——
Tit. Some God aſſiſt me now—— the Empire *Rome*——
Sound to th'aſſault, I'le to my Squadrons ſtraight,
My Soul's oppreſt, I can no more relate. [*Exit.*

Goes on the ſudden with Tib.

Ber. Dear Heav'n! what ſhould this Myſtery contain?
Sem. Nothing but Heav'n the riddle can explain.
You have done nothing might his anger move?
Ber. Except he takes offence at too much Love.
Sem. I wiſh ill News from *Rome* has not poſſeſt,
With ſome unpleaſing thoughts, his troubled breaſt;
You know the hate ſhe bears your rank and you,
And now if he——
Ber. Alas! if that were true!——
But oh! he never can ſo civil prove!
A thouſand times he has aſſur'd his Love
Should to no haughty Laws of *Rome* ſubmit,
And e're his Love he would the Empire quit.
And now, that I eſteem my danger paſt,
He will not ſure undo me at the laſt.
No *Titus* Soul muſt needs be generous ſtill,
And mine as brave muſt think of him no ill.
What e're it is, I'm unconcern'd to know,
Whilſt I have him, let Thrones and Empires go.
Their loſs I would not with one tear redeem,
I have the Empire of the World in him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *The Palace in* Jeruſalem.

Enter Matthias, Sagan, Phineas.

Phin. HOw long will Heav'n his needful aid delay?
With various plagues our Nation pines away.
Beſieg'd without, by all the power of *Rome*,
Famiſh'd within, and no relief does come:
Our Prayers on daily Embaſſies we ſend,

But

But Heav'n no Angel Voluntiers will lend;
He locks his mercy up in Towers of Braſs,
Nor lets our Prayers on their Embaſſage paſs.
Sag. *Rome*'s batt'ring Rammes have more effect than o urs,
Her Engines daily over-ſet our Tow'rs;
But our ſtrong cries, tho' ne're ſo loud we call,
Cannot ſo much as ſhake Heav'ns Chryſtal Wall.
Mat. I cannot dive into the myſtick ſence;
But Heav'n his preſence has withdrawn from hence:
He none of all his wonted ways replies,
By Angels Viſions, Dreams, or Propheſies;
But from his own Temple he has ta'ne his flight,
And given it to Owls, and Birds of night.
Phin. A Reaſon ſure no mortal thought can frame,
But Heav'n at us does all his Arrows aim.
We know not where to make our chief defence,
'Gainſt Famine, Traytors, *Rome*, or Peſtilence:
If from the *Roman* fury to preſerve
Our ſelves we fight, we only fight to ſtarve:
If by dear purchas'd Food we life maintain,
We fight to eat, and eat to fight again.
Sag. Theſe our luxurious things you now relate;
The plenty's luſt of that once happy ſtate.
We muſt no more on the rich Meadows ſtray,
Nor dine with *Cæſar*'s Horſes every day.
Titus not only a poor famiſh'd Crew
Impriſons, but their Walls and Bulwarks too.
A wondrous proof of *Roman* greatneſs ſhown,
A mighty Wall ſurrounding all the Town,
Built in three days; that now we pounded are,
Penn'd in with Monſters, Famine, and Deſpair.
For *Roman* ſport, like Gladiators here,
We fight, as in an Amphitheatre.
They laugh to ſee us by each other fall,
And ſhut in Famine to devour us all.
Mat. And from that Monſter we ſmall mercy find,
Our Crowds are all to fleeting ſhadows pin'd;
They walk about like Spectres of the night,
Famiſh'd to Shapes, would even Ghoſts affright:
Paler than Ghoſts the ſtarving people lie,
And rather ſeem to vaniſh than to die.
No tears for Friends or Kindred now are ſhed,
The living look with envy on the dead,
Who freed from Hungers rigorous demands,
Have flung their Tenements on Natures hands.
Phin. And leſt devouring Famine ſhould be cloy'd,

And we not faſt or ſoon enough deſtroy'd,
What little Orts the Monſter can afford,
Are by the bloody Rebels Swords devour'd.
Sag. And leſt the *Parthian* King our Nation ſave,
That we from ruine no defence may have,
That ſpreading Tree, under whoſe Boughs we ſate,
And ſhelter found in all the ſtorms of Fate,
Blaſted by Love, now withers every day,
And with him all our comfort pines away.
Phin. Yes, at *Clarona*'s feet ('tis ſaid) he lies;
Who ſaves the Father, by the Daughter dies.
Sag. It will diſhonour on Religion draw;
'Tis true, we are forbidden by the Law
To match with Strangers to our Faith and Bloud,
But we are more forbid Ingratitude.
Mat. Your Sentiments I do not diſapprove;
My Daughter has my leave to ſhew him Love,
In hopes to win him by enticing Charms,
To Divine Pleaſures in Religions Arms,
And to reward his Soul with Heav'nly Joy,
That Crown nor *Rome*, nor Rebels can deſtroy.
Phin. Why our own ſafety do we thus neglect?
And only fight baſe Rebels to protect.
We bawd for them, whilſt they their Luſts procure,
We from Heavens Officers defend the door.
Veſpaſian is the ſcourge of wrath divine;
Let us theſe Rebels to the Rod reſign.
Mat. I dare not do it, they will then reſume
Their ancient cries; Conſpiracies with *Rome*!
With ſhews of truth they will their charge maintain,
And I ſhall help 'em my Renown to ſtain. [*Cries without.*
Heark! they have now begun their mornings chace.
Sag. This Palace borders near the Holy Place,
And thence the winds theſe doeful noiſes bear.
Mat. Some by the Rebels now are tortur'd there.
Phin. Since thoſe foul Spirits did the Temple haunt,
Our Ears did ne're theſe entertainments want.
Mat. Our Altars they poſſeſs, our Laws contemn;
Let us attone our ſins with blood of them. [*Ex. Om.*

The Scene changes to the Temple.

Enter John, Eleazer, Phariſees, *driving ſeveral over the Stage.*

1 *Pha.* Oh! bloody Hypocrites!
Joh. Scourge! ſcourge 'em well!
See if th' Idolaters no food conceal.

Enter a Phariſee *followed by a* VVoman.

1. *Phar.* A Woman in the Act of eating ta'ne,
VVom. Thou greedy Thief reſtore my Bread again.
I three days hunger for this Morſel bore,
Denyed my ſelf, and ran on Natures Score;
And thou depriveſt me of this poor retreat,
Thou ſavage *Cannibal* my life doſt eat.
John. Tou griev'ſt thy ſelf and us with vain complaints,
We muſt not Sinners feed with Bread of Saints.
Now move our Plot, but ſo as none may know, [*VVhiſpers a* Phariſee.
Or gueſs, you ſhoot my Arrows from your Bow.
Some Viſions feign, for with a vulgar head
Viſions like Pictures ſerve in Reaſons ſtead.
2. *Phar.* Enough.—— [*VVhiſpers to* John.
Now Bretheren to our great Affairs.
Oh! *John*, how long wilt thou deny our Prayers?
Seeſt thou not how the Nation headleſs lies?
The Prieſt depos'd by his Impieties,
The Sacred Flock without a Shepherd ſtray
Through Thorns and Brakes, and made to Wolves a prey;
Whilſt thou canſt all their ſufferings behold,
And wilt not drive 'em ſafe into a Fold.
John. How precious is to me the tend'reſt moan
Of ſuffering Saints, I oft and long have ſhewn.
I have lamented long to ſee a vile
And Impious Man the Diadem defile.
With names of good and Loyal guild his Train,
And Saints with the reproach of Rebels ſtain;
Deluding tender minds, who do not ſee,
Not Mitors make a Prieſt, but Sanctity:
But Sirs, I would not have the burthen fall
On me, the weakeſt, meaneſt of you all.
2. *Phar.* We have conſulted, wept, and pray'd, and find.
Our Souls born to thee by a pow'rful Wind,
That blows from Heav'n and againſt that Gale
No Humane Wiſdome muſt pretend to Sail.
John. Alas! No holy man a Miter wants!
For we are all High Prieſts as we are Saints.
2. *Phar.* But ſince ſome weak ones know not their own right,
And 'gainſt Religion for a Miter fight;
For ſake of tender Minds 'twere fit we Joyn
Internal Saintſhip with External Sign.
Eleaz. Sirs, ſhall we not this way the law offend?
This Office muſt to *Aarons* Sons deſcend.

John;

John. Think you (dear Brother) Carnal Sons are meant?
No, but his Sons by Heav'nly descent.
But yet suppose the literal Sense were good,
Power Heav'ns Crown Land, is but at will bestow'd;
And when 'tis forfeited by Wicked Men,
Retnrns to Saints the Royal Blood again.
I do not speak that such a weight should fall
On me the weakest, meanest of you all.

2. *Phar.* Dost thou oppose us still? Then hear, and fear
A Vision did last night to me appear,
Puting a Priestly Miter in my hand, [*Takes a Miter.*
Crown *John* with it (said he) at my Command.
If he rejects it, or beneath it faints,
Let him reject, too the reward of Saints.
Now, if you dare the Vision disobey.

John. But did the Vision *John* distinctly say?

2. *Phar.* With a loud Voice it *John* did thrice proclaim,
As if it fear'd I should forget the Name.

John. It must some secret Mystery contain;
For Dreams and Visions never do speak plain:
Some of you holy ones by *John* are meant.

2. *Phar.* You are the *John* to whom the Miter's sent.

John. Brethren, indeed you value me too high.

2. *Phar.* Obedience to the Vision's voice deny?

Eleaz. Perhaps the literal sence some doubts has bred,
I'le be the Mystick *John* then in his stead,
And with the Holy Burthen will rejoyce. [Ele. *Puts on a Miter.*
John *takes the Miter from* Eleazar's *Head.*

John. I sin, I sin, I will obey the Voice.
Brethren, I thank you all, for though I know
The Sacred Burden under which I bow,
Cannot by flesh and blood be undergone;
Yet you your high esteem of me have shewn.
With Cheerful Wine now fill the Holy Bowls,
And with Religious joy refresh your Souls.
All Creatures for delight of Saints are made,
And wicked Men do but our Rights invade.
If one of us a sinners Bread devours,
He wrongs him not, for all the World is ours.
The Banquet spread, and let the Musick play,
Thus Saints is all your Coronation day.
I'm but the humblest Servant of you all,
To you the ease, to me the Burdens fall.
My Priestly Blessing in this Bowl I give;
May Traytors perish, and the Brethren live.
For ever live, for ever love maintain.

1 *Pha.* With ſwelling Hearts and Bowls we wiſh
All. Amen,——— [*All drink.*
Joh. Once more I wiſh, for ever love maintain!
2 *Pha.* Once more we ſay Amen.———
3 *Pha.* Amen!
All. Amen. [*All drink.*
Joh. Now the Apoſtate I condemn to dye,
Who has ſo long defil'd this Dignity.
By my own hand that Victim ſhall be ſlain,
And with his Blood I'le bleſs my following Reign:
True if the Soul of any private Saint
Does after ſuch a glorious action pant.
Then by his valour let the Traytor bleed,
I'll humbly yield to him the gracious deed. [*Exit.*

Scene the Palace.

Enter Clarona, *followed by* Phraartes.

Phra. In vain you flye, to death I will purſue!
I've always been accuſtom'd to ſubdue.
Indeed by Villains, Fortune, and by *Rome*
I've been betray'd, but ne'er was overcome.
Here I have brought my War, nor will be gone,
Till every Province of you be my own.
Clar. Little knows he his Love's too great ſucceſs,
And my now vanquiſh'd Heart's more great diſtreſs.
Phra. See if ſhe will beſtow on me a look!
What Soul is able ſuch diſdain to brook?
Malicious chance! that ever I came here!
I ſtopt my Glory in its full career.
There had not now in the whole World remain'd,
A Throne unconquer'd, or a King unchain'd!
But all that Glory in this fatal place
I have conſum'd before one beautious face.
Clar. Did I intreat you, Sir, ſo long to ſtay,
And for my ſake your great Deſigns delay?
Phr. I know you ſcorn my Love and Valour both!
The ſafety I beſtow on you, you loath:
You daily like the Morn in bluſhes riſe,
Becauſe you live by one you do deſpiſe.
Clar. All this with patience I can hear from you.
Phr. You can hear any thing you ſhould not do;
But you are deaf to all the loudeſt ſounds
Of all my ſervices, of all my wounds;
Though Camp and City both do ſilence break,

And

And there the Dead, and here the Living ſpeak,
All to your hearing cannot force away.
Clar. I ſtill can hear.
Phr. And ſtill ſlight all I ſay.
Why with ſuch ſcorn do you my Love deny?
Shew me the man on Earth more great then I,
And let that man the happy Lover be.
Clar. Greatneſs not valued is at all by me.
Phr. What do you value?
Clar. Nothing in this vain
And wretched World——
Phr. Wou'd I were out on't then!
Clar. Where is the heart ſuch kindneſs wou'd not move?
Who can reſiſt ſuch Merit? and ſuch Love? [*Weeps.*
Phr. How! do you weep! Nay, then I have done ill!——
Thus humbly I for pardon to you kneel! [*Kneels.*
Let not my rage a trouble to you prove!
I do confeſs I am unfit to Love.
Love has too violent effect, I find,
On my too raſh, and moſt unruly mind. [*Trumpet ſounds.*
The Trumpet calls!— farewell, too Lovely Maid!
To reach thy Heavenly Beauties I have ſtraid;
Like the Miſtaken Fool, who wanders round,
To find the place where Heav'n does touch the ground.
Whilſt thou continu'ſt ſtill, far, far above
Talleſt deſerts, and moſt aſpiring Love.
Who higheſt climbe, but reach thee with their Eye,
No more then thoſe who in the Valleys lie. [*Offers to go.*
Clar. Oh! ſtay!
Phr. That Charming Voice did I not hear?
Or did My thoughts deceive my credulous Ear?
Clar. Stay yet a moment with me.
Phr. Stay with you!
That I to all Eternity cou'd do.
Clar. Sit down a while, for I have much to ſay.
Phr. Such kind commands how gladly I obey.
Clar. Did I e're think that any ſhould ſubdue [*Aſide.*
My heart to love, and to confeſs it too?
Oh Heav'n! That thou ſo kind to me hadſt been
That I had never King *Phraartes* ſeen.
Phraar. Is it for this that I muſt tarry here?
Clar. You may have Patience, Sir, till more appear.
Oh had I never King *Phraartes* ſeen,
My life had been all happy and ſerene!
I had not known what ſhame or guilt had meant,
Nor had a thought of which I might repent.

Phraar.

Phraar. Have I Tranſplanted any of thoſe foul
And thorny weeds out of my deſart Soul
Into your Breaſt? Let 'em not there remain,
Return 'em to their Native Soyl again.
Clar. You have a Plant, I thought no more cou'd grow
In my cold breaſt, then Roſes in the Snow:
A Plant whoſe name I did abhor before,
Nor dare I name it leſt I ſpeak no more.
Phraar. What Artiſt can my trembling doubts remove?
Oh that I durſt ſuppoſe it to be Love!
I'd give my Crown I cou'd my thoughts beguile
But with thoſe dawning glimmering hopes a while.
Clar. What unknown Fates are kept for us above?
That I ſhou'd own to any one I Love!———
Phraar. What vaſt oppreſſion of delight is this?
Hold! For I bow beneath the weight of bliſs.
Clar. Alas! I think indeed yo alter'd grow,
And blood out of your wounds begin to flow.
Phraar. Let it flow on: ——But did you ſay you Love!
Clar. Suppreſs this paſſion it may hurtful prove.
Lean on my boſom whilſt your wounds I bind.
Phraar. Oh joy! Oh ſweetneſs! Oh my raviſh'd mind!
I cannot ſpeak the half that I would ſay
And heark, the Trumpet calls me now away.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Clar. Peace, murd'ring ſound! Thou ſhalt not be obey'd;
You ſhall not ſtir, the bleeding is not ſtay'd:
Do not go from me. ———
Phraar. Do not go from you!
If by each blow I gave, a King I ſlew,
For all their Crowns I would not ſtir from hence;
But I muſt fight, my Love, in your defence.
Clar. Can I be ſafe and you in danger thrown?
Preſerve my Life in ſaving of your own:
Refreſh your ſelf a while, with gentle eaſe,
And I'l oppoſe our cruel Enemies,
If need require; ——— I'm of a Nation bred,
Whoſe ſofter Sex has oft our Armies led,
Our Country ſav'd, and ſingly have prevail'd,
When all the Courage of our Men have fail'd.
Phraar. Sweeteſt of Creatures! if there Angels be,
What Angel is not wiſhing to be thee?
Our ſtate not yet ſo very deſp'rate grows,
That we ſhould throw our Jewels at our Foes.
Love is thy field; for thoſe delightful harms
Thou art all over thée prepar'd with Arms:

Shoot

Shoot all thy Arrows in one melting Kiſs, [*Kiſſes her Cheek.*
And wound me, wound me, to the death with bliſs.
Our Vows are Seal'd, and I a God am Crown'd!
Clar. In a Red Sea of bluſhes I am drown'd.
Phraar. Torrent of ſweetneſs! Power on me again
Thy overwhelming Pleaſures! ——
Clar. Oh refrain! ——
Phraar. I cannot! Cannot!
Clar. Now you muſt no more; ——
When Heav'n my Country's freedom ſhall reſtore,
And fill the Land with Joy, it may be then
You ſhall not be the only Wretched man.
Phraar. That word Alarm does to my Courage ſound!
Another Soul does in my Breaſt rebound.
Above a Man I ſhall this moment fight,
And will be bleſt above a God to night:
For yet e're night no Foe alive ſhall be,
To interpoſe betwixt my Joys and me.
But one kind look, and I to Arms repair.
Clar. Take it, and with it my devouteſt Prayer
To Heav'n to guard you. ——
Phraar. Oh how am I bleſt!
Clar. Much leſs then I am! —— Pray at my requeſt
Be careful of your ſelf. ——
Phraar. That I ſhall be,
Cauſe Love has made me now a part of thee.
I leave with thee for pledge, my Soul, my Heart
Clar. Good Angels guide you. ——

[*Exit.*

Phraar. Thou my Angel art.
She's mine; and now the Gods ſhe did adore,
And Heav'nly thoughts ſhall never haunt her more.

[*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE *The Roman Tents.*

Enter Berenice *and* Semandria.

Ber. OH Heav'ns! not see me! not approach me once!
All Love, all Pity, all Respect renounce!
Amazing change in him this doth expres;
Something has ruin'd all my happines.
Sem. Oh judge not so severely of your fate!
Ber. It is too true:——what less than bitter hate
Cou'd make him thus disorder'd from me run,
Nay seek occasions *Berenice* to shun?
I have but once beheld him all this day,
And then he turn'd his eyes from me away,
Wou'd not with one, my many smiles requite;
I was so far from yielding him delight,
That he wou'd look on any thing but me,
I was the hatefull'st object he could see.
Sem. The sight appear'd to me exceeding strange,
I wonder what it is has wrought this change;
I cannot think it from unkindnes flows,
I rather fear from *Rome* some Tempest blows.
Or from the Camp new threatning clouds arise;
I see the Armies daily Mutinies
Against his Love;——and may I not believe
He grieves lest these your Noble mind shou'd grieve?
Ber. Does he so meanly of my heart esteem?
Is it a trouble to endure for him?
Sem. What though it may afford delight to you?
Shou'd he be pleas'd you suffer for him too?
May not the best of men afflicted prove,
She shou'd be troubled whom he best does love?
No doubt to crown you Empres he aspires,
And finds *Rome* will not bow to his desires:
Is it unnatural a gen'rous mind
Shou'd grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd?
That he in spite of him ignoble proves,
And cannot act as bravely as he Loves?
Ber. Thy fond defence does but accuse him more;
As if *Rome* durst oppose her Emperour?
Do not I know her Emperours to please,

She

She both her Laws and Gods will Sacrifice?
But what though she denies her mighty Throne?
His Passion sure entirely is his own:
No Laws did ever yet to Love forbid,
And Having him, can I an Empire need?
Who want a Throne that they may happy prove,
Have hearts too great, or else too little Love.
By none but *Cæsar* I can be undone,
And I will be appeas'd by him or none. ——.
But ah! a shout!

Semand. It should a Triumph be,
It sounds like the glad voice of Victory.

Beren. Inquire the cause, and ease me of my fear;
I'm on the wrack till I the tidings hear.

Semand. *goes out, and immediately re-enters.*

Semand. Madam, it is a Triumph as we thought,
The Army have a glorious Vict'ry got,
Not o're the Rebels, but their General's mind;
Your Lord it seems this fatal Morn design'd
To head his Squadrons, and expose in fight
Himself, the Worlds both glory and delight.
A thought his Loyal Legions could not bear;
His Resolution by the earnest pray'r
Of all his Kings and Captains is subdu'd,
And now the glad Victorious multitude,
With joys Triumphant make the Ecchoes ring,
Whilst their great Captive to his Tent they bring.

Beren. To the whole World he wou'd have injury done,
All have a right in him as in the Sun;
Heav'n none so brave for common good does frame: ——
I once an int'rest in him too might claim,
But that I fear is lost —— [*Weeps.*
I'le run to him, my thoughts he shall set free,
I cannot live in this uncertainty;
'Tis worse than death his kindness to suspect,
Or live one moment under his neglect. [*Exit.*

Enter Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, Antiochus.

Tit. The humble Prayers your Loyalties have made,
My Resolution with success invade;
Go and discharge my Legions on the Town,
Each moment now is laden with renown.
The Gods and I will faithfully take care,
The living and the dead rewards shall share.

We'll Laurels place on each victorious head,
I'le Crown the living, and the Gods the dead.——
Are th' Engines mounted?
Tib. All upon the Wheel.
Ant. The Towers already ſeem with fear to reel.
Mal. To th' inner wall we now have near acceſs;
The City's ſtately Robes, and upper dreſs
Of Suburbs burnt, ſhe now no longer bold,
With ſome few rags ſtands ſhivering in the cold.
Tit. How do theſe men compel me to deface
The charming Beauty of this godly Place?
Tib. And that the obſtinate and Rebel *Jews*,
May hope no more your mercy to abuſe,
We on the Plain have drawn before their eyes,
A lively Scheme to ſhew their deſtinies:
They need not vex the Stars or trouble Art,
The Hills and Valleys can their Fates impart;
The vocal Foreſt is Tranſplanted there,
From groaning Trees they Oracles may hear;
The Hills are ſhaded with a horrid Wood,
And Valleys fill'd with Vineyards weeping blood:
Crucifi'd bodies cover all the Plain,
Let 'em view them and obſtinate remain.
Tit. Theſe men diſtort my nature, wreſt my mind,
And torture me leſt they ſhou'd mercy find.

Titus *talks to* Tib.—— *Enter* Berenice, Semandra, Malc. Antioc. *gaze on* Ber.

Mal. The Queen! With beauty let me fill my ſight,
And take before hand the reward of fight:
My Sword in *Cæſar*'s Service I employ
But to ſee her, whoſe Love he does enjoy.
Ant. The Fair Young Queen! With Beauty I'm oppreſt!
Oh *Cæſar! Cæſar!* For a man too bleſt!
The Gods more happineſs on thee beſtow,
Than they themſelves are capable to know.

[*Tib. Mal. Ant. Exit.*

Titus *ſees the Queen, and ſtarts.*

Tit. The Queen, I at the ſight of her grow chill,
Like one in view of him he means to kill.
Ber. May I of *Cæſar* crave without offence,
The favour of a moments Conference?
Tit. Is it the Queen ſays this! Is ſhe to know
That all things here Allegiance to her owe?

And

And that she no way can oblige me more,
Than in commanding what she does implore.
Beren. I never shall survive the happy day,
When I on *Cæsar* Obligations lay;
Since so much glory were too great to bear:
I have already had too great a share
Of Pleasures, in the sole belief that I
Cou'd contribute to his felicity.
Tit. Shou'd the fair Queen the moment not outlive,
In which her Love to me does pleasure give,
How often must that beauteous Princess dye?
Whilst all my thoughts I on her Love employ,
And ev'ry thought affords my Soul delight.
But oh! My injur'd passion I must right!
Was all my Love not real but deceit?
And did you but believe my kindness great;
Beren. Far be all ill Suspicions from my breast?
I should my self (and justly too) detest,
If a mean thought of *Cæsar* e're shou'd find,
Any the least reception in my mind.
All his past Love I do not, dare not wrong,
But I the glory have enjoy'd too long:
Cæsar is pleas'd to let it now decline,
Which I impute to some offence of mine;
For he can think no thought but what is brave,
No, I some great offence committed have,
But what, is wholly to my Soul unknown,
If I might know it, I my crime wou'd own.
Tit. To what do these unkind expressions tend?
You make me think indeed you can offend,
Since you to these suspicions can be wrought.
Beren. I do not, Sir, accuse you of a fault;
Cæsar can err in nothing he can do,
So great a glory never was my due,
Much less when I have something done or said,
Which all my right has justly forfeited.
Tit. Now truth assist me: —— This unkind debate
Argues not mine, but your own cruel hate;
You sure encline to what you fain wou'd prove,
And have a mind I shou'd no longer Love.
This is too hard, too Painful to be born,
I Swear (as I a thousand times have Sworn)
But that the day the sight of you does shew,
I care not if the Sun wou'd shine or no;
That all the Joy that does by Life accrue,
Is but to Love, and be belov'd by you.
Beren. My Lords displeasure I too justly bear,

That I to doubt his Conſtancy ſhou'd dare;
But he may Pardon me, when he does know
All my ſuſpicions from my kindneſs flow.
I trouble have on *Cæſar*'s brow eſpy'd,
And he his thoughts and Perſon too does hide.
My tender heart with Sorrow pines away,
If I behold my Lord but once a day:
And I much leſs can his retir'dneſs bear,
And not his grief, as well as kindneſs ſhare.

Tit. Oh! how with Love ſhe overwhelms my heart!
After ſuch Love I never can impart
A ſecret, that to you may trouble prove;
To me be all the grief, to you the Love.
Oh *Rome*! oh Glory! oh Renown! which way
Will you the loſs of ſo much love repay? [*Exit.*

Beren. Again in Secret Sorrow from me part!
Oh my diſtraction! Oh my tortur'd Heart!
What can the ſenſe of theſe diſorders be?

Semand. I muſt confeſs they are too dark for me.

Beren. Fate to our mutual Love no good deſigns,
Whatever he pretends, his heart declines:
Love treats not thus the Perſon that's belov'd,
Common compaſſion wou'd have kinder prov'd.

Semand. My Counſel can afford but ſmall relief,
But do not too much liſten to your grief.

An Alarm; *Enter a* Centurion *followed by* Romans.

Semand. Souldier, the news.

Cent. The *Parthian* King is here,
That name's enough to ſhew what danger's near:
I cannot talk, there's bus'neſs to be done. [*Exit.*

Beren. My Lord in danger!

Semand. Whither do you run?

Beren. To dye with him.

Semand. Oh fear not! Heav'n will ſave,
VVere all his Legions ſlain, a Man ſo brave.

An Alaram; *the* Centurion *returns with* Monobaſus.

Bere. Centurion, the ſucceſs relate with ſpeed.

Cent. My Lord is from the *Parthian* Monarch freed
By this brave Stranger's aid, who to defend
His glorious Enemy, oppos'd his Friend.

Beren. Prince! my reſentments I want words to tell,
This deed does all paſt ſervices excell:
Sure you have ſome command from my good Fate,

My

My Friends and me with diligence to wait.
All your deserts I will to *Cæsar* own,
And for reward procure some vacant Crown,
If I have int'rest still; but I'm afraid
I rather need an Intercessor's aid. [*Ex.*

Mon. Oh Heavens! what pleasing sweetness does she wast,
Intirely lost to my disorder'd taste?
I little pleasure in that kindness take,
Which she bestows, but for another's sake.
Now heart but hold till I my passions speak,
And then with sorrow and confusion break. [*Ex.*

Scene a Street.

Enter Matthias, *and Guard, pursued by* John, Eleazer, *and the Pharisees*; John *in his Pontifical Vestments.*

Joh. Seize 'em alive! prophane and wicked men! {*Phar. seize* {Mat. *&c.*
Now Heav'n to Justice brings you once agen;
And vengeance surely long enough has staid:
Behold the desolations you have made,
Look in the Streets, and see each corner fill'd
With Carcases of Saints, your sins have kill'd;
Listen to ev'ry House, and hear the groans
Of many starving, dying Holy ones,
Who cry not, oh the Famine! oh the Pest!
But oh th'Apostates! oh the *Romish* Priest!
For your Idolatries in Plagues we lye;
Yet for these sins (no doubt) you grutch to dye.
Yet you the *Romans* can with rage pursue;
Alas! not *Romans* ruin us, but you.
They're but your Instruments; your guilt affords
Force to their Arms, and edges to their Swords.
Had you good nature, you wou'd wish to dye,
To free the Nation from the misery;
Not of the Plague, the Famine, or the Foes,
But of your impious selves, our greatest woes.
Mat. Cou'd height of impious boldness Saintship give,
Thou surely wert the greatest Saint alive;
Of that vile kind of Saints thy followers are,
Thou sure art excellent without compare:
For thou hast taken all degrees in sin;
Didst first in little Villanies begin,
With whisp'ring murmurings, dissemblings, lies,
So didst to Murder and to Treason rise;
And now at length the crawling Snake is grown
A Royal Basilisk, and has a Crown.

Horrid!

Horrid! when we are plagu'd ſuch various ways,
Is it a ſeaſon to be acting Plays?
Here in a houſe of horror, death and woe,
To mock Religion with Theatrick ſhow?
And muſt you too the holieſt things abuſe?
For ſport no ſubject but Religion chuſe?

1 *Pha.* Sport doſt thou call it? thou wilt find, I fear,
The Saints are all in ſerious earneſt here.

2 *Pha.* And mean to ſtone thee; if that be a jeſt,
Of ſuch a fatal pleaſure make thy beſt.

Joh. No——wicked man! we act this weighty part
With all the ſaddeſt, deepeſt thoughts of heart.
I know I walk upon the brink of Laws,
Near both to ſin, and to perdition's jaws;
And had not I a ſtrong impulſe within,
And mighty call without, that I ſhou'd ſin,
My angry conſcience wou'd my ſoul condemn
In wearing of this Holy Diadem.

1 *Pha.* But you are ſav'd from all theſe pious fears.

Joh. I am anointed by the Brethrens tears;
Call'd by the groaning of the ſuffering Cauſe,
And voice of providence more loud than Laws.
By ſtrong impulſes knocking ev'ry hour,
I cou'd not reſt till I aſſum'd the Power;
Where e're I went, methoughts a voice wou'd cry,
John!——*John*! take up the fallen diguity:
That if there any Uſurpation be,
The Prieſthood's guilty of uſurping me.
I ſought not Pow'r, but Pow'r did me invade:
But thou (vile man!) ſhouldſt not the Saints upbraid;
Our dangers thou ſhouldſt rather weep to ſee,
Expos'd to things ſo ſcandalous by thee.

Mat. Was ever heard of impudence like this!

Elea. Hale him to Judgment.

Mat. To eternal bliſs;
To an abode which bleſt enough wou'd be,
From men ſo impious only to be free.

Enter a Phariſee running.

3 *Pha.* Be gone! be gone! the Pagan King is nigh,
Return'd out of the Field with Victory.

Joh. Curſe on that Infidel, the Prieſt he'll ſave.

Elea. Why ſhou'd a Heathen ſuch ſucceſſes have?

Enter Phraartes *and Guard, who beat* John, *&c. off the Stage*;
Matthias *purſues. After an Alarm.* Phra. *and* Mat. *return.*

Phr. Why Father do you thus expoſe your age

To

To Rebels treachery, and *Roman* rage?
Can your Gray-hairs by you forgotten be?
Or does it ſhame you to be ſav'd by me?
Mat. It does, that you ſhould bleed for us each day,
Who, Sir, for you can nothing do, but pray.
Phr. Good man! I am rewarded far above
All I can merit, in your Daughter's Love. [Mat. *Ex.*

Several with Baskets of Proviſion.

There I have brought rich plunder for the Crowd,
Not to ſupply their treaſures, but their blood:
To their repaſt the hungry Rabble call,
Go ſcatter life, throw Souls among 'em all.
[*Ex. with Proviſions. A ſhout.* Phra. *Ex.*

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Clarona *weeping, a Book in her hand, ſets her ſelf in a Chair.*

Clar. Oh my devotion! I ſhall let thee go,
For deadly, deadly ſick with Love I grow:
No ſight of him but does my ſtrength decay,
And yet I cannot keep my Eyes away.
To theſe clear Springs of life no more I go, [*Looks on the Book.*
Cauſe they my ſouls decaying Beauty ſhow.

Enter Phraartes, *who ſtarts to ſee her weeping.*

Phr. In tears! what villany has Fortune done
To my beſt Soul, whilſt I to Arms was gone?
What have I ſpy'd?——now I the cauſe divine,
I ſee a Book, that is no friend o' mine.
And does that traſh ſtill pleaſe your ſickly mind?
Love has not wrought a thorough cure I find.
Clar. You with Religion ſtill will be ſevere;
You wou'd think much ſhou'd I as harſh appear
To your friend Love.
Phr. Won'd it not pity breed,
To ſee thee climbing Mountains for a Weed?
Chain'd like *Prometheus* rather to the brow
Of barren Rocks, for ever clad in Snow,
And there Religion gnawing of thee ſtill;
Who wou'd not the devouring Vulture kill?
Clar. How poor *Cymmerians* to the Sun unknown,
Think ev'ry Land all darkneſs, like their own.

Phr.

Phr. How wretched Lands with Fables overflown,
From Mountains of the Moon, and Springs unknown,
With Mud of falſhood rank their fertile Earth,
Give nothing elſe but Prieſts and Prophets birth.
Clar. When Men by Miracles the truth diſplay,
We may believe what Miracles will ſay.
Phr. Workers of Miracles I leaſt believe;
Men love By-ways who have deſign to thieve.
Clar. But it ſome Faith in us may juſtly breed,
When what they do, does Natures pow'r exceed.
Phr. Nature's an Ocean endleſly profound,
Where Line cou'd never yet diſcover ground:
We only ſee what on the ſurface ſwim,
And what we often ſee, we ne're eſteem.
If one by chance a Monſter brings to ſhore,
The Monſter we admire, the Fiſher more.
Clar. Suppoſing ſecret Skill ſuch feats cou'd ſhew,
Can Men by any Art events foreknow?
What eye can have a proſpect of events,
Through a long Wood of various accidents?
Chance can no more ſhew what will come to paſs,
Than things remote a broken Optick glaſs.
Yet have our Sacred Prophets often here
Drawn Maps of future things ſo plain and clear,
That after-ages have unſoil'd, untorn,
Found their own Pictures drawn e'er they were born.
None cou'd diſplay 'em but the Heav'nly mind,
Where all th' Idea's are at firſt deſign'd.
Phr. None knows how much may by the Stars be gueſt,
Or on th'imagination be impreſt.
But you ne're find in draughts ſo much ador'd,
More than dead colours daub'd, and features ſcor'd,
Which with ſome ſmall addition may with eaſe
Be drawn to what reſemblances you pleaſe.
Clar. Have you of life to come no hope or fear?
Phr. Why more of that, than the Platonick year?
I'll never toyl after a ſtate unknown.
Clar. But you ſhou'd ſearch for fear there ſhou'd be one:
Prudence all ills that may be does prevent.
Phr. Then prudence will not loſe firm Continent,
To rove the Seas in an imprudent chace
Of floating Iſles, and ſome Inchanted place.
Clar. But ſuch a place is worthy to be ſought,
And were there none, yet Heav'ns a pleaſant thought.
Phr. It may like Poetry the mind employ,
In idle intervals of active Joy;
But I'll not all my life a dreaming lye,

Whilst solid pleasures run neglected by:
Whilst to uncertain cares my thoughts I give,
Lose what I'm sure of, and forget to live.
Clar. Where do you think you after death shall dwell?
Phr. 'Mong a rude heap of things; where none can tell.
I had my self at no request of mine,
And I'll as gen'rously my being resign.
How I came by it ne're disturbs my head,
Nor what I shall be when I once am dead.
Clar. Then your brave self must you for ever lose?
Phr. I wou'd not a new Lease of life refuse,
Cou'd I the deed obtain by any Art.
Clar. Oh Heav'ns! methinks you shou'd not seek to part,
Were it from me alone, so soon as death,
And leave me wandring on wild Natures Heath,
When we from these poor Cottages are thrown,
Having no dwellings, and desiring none.
Phr. For a new life I on high Rent wou'd stand,
But I'll mean while enjoy my present Land;
I will improve it till I've tir'd the clods,
Then for new Acres I wou'd thank the Gods.
But let us this fantastick talk give o're,
These Fairy thoughts shall pinch thy Soul no more;
Let us not think of Lands remote, unknown,
But eat the Fruits and Spices of our own.

Enter Phedra.

Phed. Parthian Commanders wait without to bring
Tidings of great concernment to their King. [*Ex.* Phra.
Clar. That Heav'n such cost on a brave mind shou'd lay,
On no design but to be cast away.

SONG.

COme pious Mourner, pray no more,
But let the Gods alone;
You favours endlesly implore,
But will be granting none:
Can you expect from any King
To gain whate're you crave,
Who dare when you your offerings bring
Torment and wound his Slave?
You ask of Heav'n Eternal Crowns,
As your Devotions due,
And yet can wound me with your frowns,
For asking smiles of you.

Asunder let's no longer stray,
But both Devotions joyn;
Let us when dead be sav'd your way,
But whilst we live in mine.
If e're I to a Soul am pin'd,
I gain the thing I sought;
I'll be content to be all mind,
To act it o're in thought.
Admit me to the place of bliss,
To Love's divine abodes,
And we will laugh at Paradise,
And not be Saints, but Gods.

Enter Phraartes *with some* Parthian *Commanders.*

Phr. Brave men! for the most glorious news you bring,
Challenge the love and friendship of your King.
My drooping Fate is now reviv'd again; [*To* Clar.
My Crown's restor'd, and the Usurper slain:
My People weary of the Villain grown,
Of him, and *Roman* Pride have cleans'd my Throne.
My conqu'ring Army near the Town is come,
And wait to guard me hence in Triumph home.
These gallant men who have the tidings brought,
At the last Storm to Town their passage fought.
Now I'm in sight of Love's fair promis'd Land,
I see the shining of the Golden Sand.
Clar. I never shall be able to deny; [*Aside.*
That I cou'd save my innocence and die.
Phr. She falls! she vanquisht falls into my arms!
To conqu'ring Love resigning all her charms.
Can any happiness compare with mine?
Tis wretched sure to be a Pow'r Divine,
And not the joys of happy Lovers know.
Wou'dst thou (my dearest!) be an Angel now?
Oh how the moments sweetly slide away!
But yet I must be wretched for a day.
Who waits?—— did you not say my Troops had none
Whose guidance they might safely trust to Town?
Parth. No *Jewish* Guides con'd any where be found,
The *Romans* Troops spread ninety Furlongs round.
Phr. I'll Salley out to day, and be their Guide;
I dare in no man but my self confide.
These Troops of mighty consequence are grown,
My Fortunes all depend on them alone.
But oh! that I could build a Tow'r of Brass,

Through

Through which the force of Thunder cou'd not pass,
My Love from danger safely to inclose;
For I am fearful of each wind that blows,
Lest it should breath too rudely on my dear;
Then how much more shall I in absence fear
The cruel Enemy?——I dare not go.

Clar. Obliging kindness in your stay you shew:
But if misfortune shou'd befall your men,
Both wou'd in danger be of ruine then.

Phr. And has my dangers in thy thoughts a part?
Who can express the pleasures of my heart?
The only place of strength within our pow'r
Remaining now, is Queen *Marianne*'s Tow'r;
Shall I entrust thee there till my return?

Clar. There for your absence I will sadly mourn.

Phr. Then will you think on me?

Clar. I will indeed.

Phr. And will you wish me back again with speed?

Clar. For swift return and Victory I'll pray.

Phr. How shall I do to force my self away?
Do not look on me, lest I never go;
This is the hardest work Love has to do.
Come, to the Tow'r that must my Love receive,
And there I'll take a momentany leave;
Then like the Monarch o' the Winds, I'll go
And loose my stormy Squadrons on the Foe.
And when the mighty Vapour's spent and done,
The wasting *Roman* inundation gone,
And not a Cloud in all the Heav'ns we see,
I'll come a hot and pleasant Calm to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *The* Roman *Tents.*

Enter Titus, Malchus, Antiochus, Tiberius.

Tit. NOw, Sir, one more Assault, and we conclude
The torments of the starving multitude.
We to our Squadrons portions divide,
Which like wild Horses to its Members ty'd,
Did rend it limb from limb, and left alone
A torn dismembred carcass of a Town.

Mal. I did the Temple storm, the place to save
From its own Guard, as *Cæsar* orders gave;

And the vile Slaves to burn my Troops and me,
Gave fire to th' entrance of their Sanctuary,
And in a moment levell'd with the ground
Solomon's Porch, and all the Buildings round.
Ant. The Town must bow to you within a day,
For Famine sweeps its dirty crowds away;
They who maintain it are not men, but bones,
Shadows of men, and walking Skeletons.
Their looks scare death it self, nor do they need
To fly from wounds, they have no blood to bleed.
Their flesh, if mangled, like chopt earth appears,
Or cloven Trees torn with the wind and years.
Mal. My civil Fate did better treats afford,
And with fat juicy Villains fed my Sword;
That I had no great reason for complaints,
I had a noble Banquet of cram'd Saints.
Tit. To all the Heav'nly Pow'rs I dare appeal,
If I'm in fault for what these Wretches feel.
Tib. Except by mercy lengthning that disease,
Which stubborn cruelty with speed won'd ease.

An Alarm; Enter an Officer.

Tit. The news!
Offic. The Guardian Angel of the Town,
The *Parthian* King is from its succour flown:
He broke from thence, like Thunder from a Clowd,
And tore down all that in his passage stood.
Thence with his Followers o're the Mountains fled,
And all the way with slaughter'd *Romans* spread.
Ant. Then the proud City's dying pangs are past;
Her mighty Ghost is yielded up at last.
Mal. The very Soul of all their Souls is fled.
Tib. Better their Walls had vanish'd in his stead.
Pursue him———
Tit. No, since for his life he flies,
Let him enjoy what with disgrace he buys.
Now I'll release the Wretches from the rack;
Prepare my Legions for a new attaque:
Their Temple save, unless the Slaves appear
Too obstinate, and it shall cost too dear.
Mal. I am prepar'd: —— but e're the Fight begin, [*Aside.*
I must go gaze on the fair *Jewish* Queen.
I know I must not hope, but I may dare
To peep in Heav'n, though I must ne're come there. [*Ex.*
Ant. I must to the fair Queen before I go. [*Aside.*
My thirsty Soul does more intemp'rate grow:

That

That hot Elixir I must hourly taste,
Which I'm assur'd will burn me at the last. [Exit.

Tit. Now Friend, the hour draws near when wretched I,
The torments of departing love must try,
And with one stab that fatal wound must give,
Of which I shall be groaning whilst I live.

Tib. Oh! does your mighty resolution yield!
I thought you had entirely gain'd the Field.

Tit. Dost think I from my breast so soon can tear
A Love which has so long been growing there?
Throw all that heap of riches out of door
I hardly got, and in a trice be poor?
Three years I lov'd and fought, on no design
But at the last to make this Treasure mine:
I have spoil'd half the world but to be seen
Attir'd in Glories, pleasing to the Queen.
Nay I who shun her Love to gain a Throne,
Desir'd the Empire for her sake alone.
And now I have obtain'd my wish'd success,
And I'm in reach of supreme happiness,
Shall I at last my self and her deceive,
And what I sought for, what I slighted leave?

Tib. Oh! do these thoughts your Soul once more invade?
All this before you in the ballance weigh'd;
With an impartial finger pois'd the Scale,
And left out nothing might for Love prevail:
But still the *Roman* Laws, your own Renown
And Glory, weigh'd the other ballance down.
And now———

Tit. Her Love to all things I prefer,
What is Renown or Empire without her?

Tib. Grant, Sir, all charms that in her Sex are seen,
Are lodg'd in her, but still she is a Queen.
A *Roman* courage her great heart contains,
But there's no *Roman* blood within her veins.
And not our Tyrants yet so bold have been,
To marry with a Stranger, and a Queen.
This hate to Crowns is all that *Rome* in Chains,
Still of her ancient Liberty retains.
Nay *Roman* Monsters, whose supreme delight
Was against Reason, Laws, and Gods to fight;
Who *Rome* and Nature in confusion hurl'd,
And walk'd Antipodes to all the world;
Yet they who durst both burn and plunder *Rome*,
Once to invade this Law durst ne're presume.
And, Sir, shall you the world's delight do more
Against our Laws than Monsters did before?

Tit. All this too well I know, but must I lose
My freedom e're I am at *Rome*'s dispose?
It will be time enough these thoughts to have,
When I am chosen her Imperial Slave:
Till then my heart and person both are free,
And I am Master of my destiny.

Tib. Ah Sir! against this fatal passion strive,
And do not *Rome* of your brave self deprive:
Shall she lose all the Glory of your Reign,
Only to ease a Love-sick Ladies pain?
For, Sir, were you a God and shou'd presume
To 'spouse a Queen, you must not govern *Rome*.
Her Rank is by your Army too abhorr'd,
Who hate to see a Queen command their Lord:
Their hourly discontents I scarce can quell,
They out of Loyalty would fain Rebell.
Nay they have all resolv'd the very hour
The Town is won, to chuse you Emperour;
But lest the Queen should in your Glory share,
They firmly have decreed to banish her.
And the brave Rebels I declare I'le lead;
If you will guard your passion, take my head,
For I will ne're endure the greatest Throne,
And bravest man, shou'd be by Love undone.

Kneels, and flings his Sword at Titus feet.

Tit. Oh rise! thou truly *Roman* spirit, rise!

raises him.

I have resolv'd on this great Sacrifice,
but do not know which way I shall begin;
I cannot speak to the unhappy Queen.

Tib. Release your spirit from that trifling care,
I'le to the Queen th'unpleasing message bear;
And as the Patient's sight an Artist hides,
When from the Body he a Limb divides,
That Nature may not doubly be oppress,
Then with a curious hand performs the rest;
So I the fatal deed will gently do,
And not torment you with an Interview:
And will so mollifie the parting pain,
That injur'd Love but little shall complain.

offers to go.

Tit. Oh! stay *Tiberius*! make not so much speed,
I know not if I shall survive the deed;
With haste I boldly rush on a design,
Which may at once destroy her life and mine.
But yet what must be suffer'd we in vain
Delay some moments, and prolong our pain.
Go then, the sad and killing tidings bear,
Excuse my crime, and all my grief declare;
Implore her my retirement to forgive,

Tell

Tell her I cannot see her, go,——and live!
And if to reign in my ungrateful breast,
Her rigorous Fate can sweeten in the least,
Tell her that I deserted and alone,
Even an Imperial Exile in my Throne,
To my own self more hateful than to her,
The name of Lover to my Tomb will bear;
That all my life will be in sorrow spent,
And all my Reign a glorious banishment. [Ex.

The Scene changes to the Queens Tent.

Enter Berenice *and* Monobasus.

Ber. How, Sir! have I under the name of Friend
These many months a Lover entertain'd?
Mon. Let it not, Madam, your displeasure move,
That I presume t'inform you of my Love:
Till now in humble duty I suppress
The tort'ring secret, till it burnt my breast:
My bosom better cou'd have fire retain'd,
It wou'd have less my scorching vitals pain'd.
Ber. Suppose your passion great as you express,
What did encourage you to this address?
Durst you once hope you entertain'd should be,
Or find the least encouragement from me?
Mon. My passion never yet so bold has been;
It were less vain to ask the Gods to sin.
Yet were it possible for you to erre,
Torments and death I wou'd much rather bear,
Than you one moment shou'd unhappy be,
And place your heart on one so low as me.
Ber. Good heav'n! then what design cou'd you propose?
Did you this secret for no end disclose?
Mon. To ease my soul was all I did design.
Ber. Wou'd it had been in any breast but mine.
Now I not only must ungrateful seem,
But all past services must crimes esteem;
Against my nature my just debts disown,
Nay I must punish you for what y'ave done.
And oh! good Heav'n! what starts into my thought! [Aside.
I've found what has this change in *Titus* wrought;
I've been too lavish in this Stranger's praise,
That, that did this disorder in him raise.
Sir, you have ruin'd me, have friendship shewn,
To make my fate as wretched as your own:
To save my life you have your Sword employ'd,

And

And all the comforts of that life deſtroy'd.
Oblige me this once more for goodneſs ſake,
Your ſelf with ſpeed out of my preſence take.
Mon. What means this ſtorm ſo ſudden and ſevere? [*Aſide.*
My cruel Fate purſues me every where.
My name can like a Charm, uncalm the Sea,
Where e're I wander, there no peace can be.
Ber. Will you not pleaſe to anſwer my deſire?
Mon. But one word more, and, Madam, I retire.

Enter Semandra.

Sem. Madam, the King———
Ber. No Viſitants admit,
I'm for all Converſation now unfit.

Enter Malchus, *followed by* Antiochus.

Ant. Ha! *Malchus* here!
Mal. *Antiochus* ſo nigh!
Ant. Ha! Prince *Monobaſus* do I eſpy?
Mal. What does the Queen that Traytor entertain,
By whom her Brother was ſo lately ſlain?
Mon. Oh hateful ſight! does fortune hither bring
My mortal Enemy th' *Arabian* King?
Ber. They gaze as if they both this Stranger knew.
Mal. Now my revenge the Rebel ſhall purſue,
Whoſe Fortune oft has put me in diſtreſs;
Beſides I'm jealous here of his Succeſs.
And dares he, Madam, in your ſight appear?
Ber. Oh, Sir! his Quality I faln would hear,
For till this hour his name I never knew.
Mal. Prince *Monobaſus*, who your Brother ſlew,
Diſpers'd my Troops, and wounded me in fight,
Cauſe I maintain'd his injur'd Brother's right.
Ant. What need this great officiouſneſs be ſhown?
Mal. You are his Friend.
Ant. I do the Title own.
Mal. You did not once this mighty Friendſhip ſhow,
Ant. But I love Valour in a Friend or Foe.
Mon. Do not for me, Sir, diſcompoſe your mind,
I only from the King prevention find:
The guilt he makes with ſo much paſſion known,
I now was humbly on my knee to own.
Ber. Oh Heav'ns! and does there ſtand before my view
My Brother's Murderer!
Mon. It is too true———

Your

Your Brother I unfortunately kill'd.
Ant. You did, but it was fairly in the Field.
Ber. Did this ill Spirit me all this while purſue,
And did I entertain his ſervice too?
Now I perceive he hither did retreat,
By ſubtle ways his miſchiefs to compleat;
On all my Brothers Race to wreak his ſpight.
Wherein could he offend to ſuch a height,
That even his life was a revenge too ſmall,
But I amongſt your Enemies muſt fall?
Mon. All Names moſt black and odious are my due,
Excepting ~~that of~~ Enemy to you.
Ber. Ceaſe your feign'd Love, for I your life will have;
Mine but for ends of malice you did ſave,
And ſo am unoblig'd; yours all the pleas
Of Juſtice craves; Guards, on the murd'rer ſeize.
Ant. Ah Madam!
Mon. Do not, Sir, a hinderance be,
The Queen will both oblige her ſelf and me.
Ber. Yes, you ſhall dye.——But why do I preſume
On lives of others here to paſs a doom,
When in few hours perhaps it will be ſhewn,
I have not power to aſſure my own?
And ſee,——*Tiberius* from my Lord is ſent, [*Enter* Tib.
I am aſſur'd he brings me ſome complaint:
What it ſhould be, I cannot, dare not gueſs;
If he be jealous, that does Love expreſs.
But that ſlight grief were eaſie to diſarm;
No, ſomething elſe does his great Soul alarm:
What e're it is, vain fear I will repel;
I'm ſure from *Titus* I've deſerv'd ſo well,
That I my innocence may boldly truſt,
For if he be unkind, he is unjuſt.
Tiberius, quickly thy ill news impart,
What does ſit heavy on thy Prince's Heart?
I know the news is bad I am to hear,
Cauſe thou art choſen for the Meſſenger.
Tib. Ah Madam!——
Ber. Nay I am not now to learn,
How thou haſt made my ruin thy concern;
Haſt tamper'd with thy Prince's heart, and ſtrove
To ſow diſſenſions, and to blaſt our Love.
But I forgive thee, ſince I have thereby
The pleaſure had his conſtancy to try.
Tib. Madam, what e're I in my life have done,
I am too much a *Roman* to diſown;
That *Cæſar*'s Glory I with care have ſought,

Can never by his Friends be judg'd a fault.
But ſince my Lord did ſo unhappy prove,
To have his Glory contradict his Love,
That I took part with Glory is moſt true,
But, Madam, never out of hate to you.
The *Roman* Laws were made e're I was born,
Nor bear I to your Rank a Native ſcorn;
I wiſh *Rome* paid Crown'd Heads the Honour due,
At leaſt from all her Laws exempted you.
But ſince ſhe'll not reform at my requeſt.
Of her proud humour let us make the beſt.
Then Madam know, my Lord at laſt o'recome
By me, by all the Army, Senate, *Rome*,
Knowing how much your Rank incurs their hate,
And fearing to involve you in a ſtate
That to you both unfortunate would prove;
Exceeding tender of your gen'rous Love,
And of the happineſs of one ſo dear;
Aſſur'd your courage the great ſhock will bear,
Sends to inform you 'tis the will of Fate,
You two for ever now muſt ſeparate.

Ber. For ever ſep'rate! what does he intend?
Will he to *Berenice* this meſſage ſend?

Ant. Oh Heav'ns!

Mal. Amazement!

Tib. Madam, 'tis too true!
But to his noble Love I'll juſtice do;
All kinds of Paſſions in his Soul ariſe,
He weeps, laments, adores, and almoſt dies;
But to what end? His many griefs are vain,
Rome in her Throne no Queen will entertain,
You two muſt part, and after this one day,
He begs no longer in the Camp you'll ſtay.

Ber. Alas! *Semandra*—— [*Half Weeping.*

Sem. What I long did fear!
Madam, this ſad aſſault with courage bear;
Raiſe all that's great in you to your defence,
You'll need it in this mighty exigence.

Mon. Oh Gods! have I this fatal difference made?

Ant. All this is falſhood, and the Queen's betray'd.

Mal. Now ſome ſmall pleaſure in deſpair I take. [*Aſide.*

Ber. And can *Veſpaſian Berenice* forſake?
Are theſe his oaths and vows?

Ant. It cannot be?
Tiberius, the Queen is wrong'd by thee.

Tib. She is not, Sir.

Ant. She is; and wert thou where,

I durſt

I durſt preſume thy falſhood ſhould appear.
Mal. Did I think that, your labour I wou'd ſave.
Tib. Kings, when you pleaſe you ſhall occaſion have.
Mon. Ah Sir! I beg let your contention ceaſe; [*To Ant.*
To me the injur'd Queens revenge releaſe.
If, Madam, a poor Malefactor may,
After his Sentence be allow'd to pray,
I beg the glorious Office on my knees,
And after doom me to what Death you pleaſe.
Ber. How! do you think my Honour I'll refer
For Juſtice to my Brother's Murderer?
To his great Ghoſt too much offence I give,
Since by your aid I am content to live.
To too much guilt already I'm betray'd;
Your life ſhou'd now be offer'd to his ſhade:
But leſt if I your guilty bloud ſhould ſpill,
The World ſhould think I pay my debts but ill,
All your paſt deeds I with your life requite,
But never more appear within my ſight.
Mon. Then to the Town I will my ſelf convey,
Sorrow ſhou'd in the ſhades of ſorrow ſtay:
The Gods have there all kinds of Deaths in ſtore,
Shortly I ſhall afflict the World no more. [*Ex.*
Ber. For you who theſe great myſteries reveal, [*To* Tib.
I from your meſſage to your Lord appeal;
Againſt his faith I nothing will believe,
Till I this ſentence from his mouth receive:
And if it proves not as thy ſelf hath ſaid,
Tiberius, know I will demand thy head.
Tib. Agreed!——mean while I will my Lord prepare
For your approach, and ſtraight attend you there. [*Ex.*

She offers to go, and is ſtay'd by Sem.

Sem. Hold, Madam, will y' in this diſorder go?
Some little pains upon your ſelf beſtow;
Stay till your Beauty has regain'd its grace,
Your Hair and Vail let me in order place.
Ber. No, no, *Semandra*, let thy Queen alone,
Titus ſhall quickly ſee what he has done;
The aid of theſe poor trifles I deſpiſe:
If my too conſtant heart, my weeping Eyes,
My grief!——my grief!——my Death no pity gain!
What can theſe ſlighted Ornaments obtain?
[*goes out Weeping.*
Mal. The Queens reſentment adds to my deſpair. [*Ex.*
Ant. I'll bury all my troubled Thoughts in War. *Ex.*

Scene Titus *his Tent.*

Enter Titus *and* Tiberius.

Tit. Great Gods! how I this haſtning combate fear?
My guilty Soul wants Courage to appear.
Her abſence once I not an hour could bear,
Now for her ſight with terrour I prepare.
Tib. Sir, place ſtrong Guards about your heart one hour;
This ſtorm repuls'd, you are a Conquerour.
Tit. Poor Vict'ry, injur'd Beauty to ſubdue!
What more could an untam'd Barbarian do? { *Sees her*
She comes! Great *Genii* of me and *Rome*, { *coming.*
Help me in this one Field to overcome;
If you regard the Honour of the Throne,
Truſt not my Glory with my ſelf alone.
Ber. So Sir, and is your fainting paſſion tir'd?
Have you at length my parting hence deſir'd?
Tit. Ah Madam! do not a poor Prince oppreſs;
The Gods who gave me all the happineſs
Of your paſt Loves, think I too bleſt have been,
And now to moderate my joys begin.
Glory they in the room of Love beſtow,
By ſplendid ſteps to ruine I muſt go:
Be doom'd to Empire, to a Throne confin'd;
Have pow'r, but loſe the freedom of my mind:
Great as a God, as ſolitary too;
Ador'd, but baniſh'd from the ſight of you:
For, Madam, I with ſorrow muſt declare,
We for eternal parting muſt prepare.
Ber. Oh cruel Man! do you theſe words expreſs
Now you have rais'd my Love to ſuch exceſs?
Did I for this permit my Eyes each day,
On you to gaze my liberty away?
Advance my flame to an immod'rate height,
Hating all bounds in what I took delight?
Stifle all thoughts that with your int'reſt ſtrove,
And even exchange my very Soul for Love?
And will you now unjuſt to me become,
For a poor ſervile flattery of *Rome*?
Tit. Glory's unjuſt, which never can repay
With all it gives, the half it takes away.
Ber. Is this a time the ſecret to impart?
Why all this while have you not warn'd my heart?
Can you deny that your own Laws you knew?
Nay did not often I object 'em too?

And

And in Loves pleaſing way with caution tread,
Fearing it to ſome precipice would lead.
But you with oaths entic'd me to Love on;
I Lov'd, and Lov'd, till all my Heart was gon.
Why nam'd you not the haughty Laws of *Rome*,
When I might have return'd unwounded home?
And been contented in as high degree
To part with you, as you do now from me.

Tit. Oh! do not make my charge too weighty grow!
I under too much guilt already bow.
Part with content! the Gods can tell what ſtings,
What tort'ring pangs this parting moment brings.
The other Crime I muſt with ſhame confeſs,
And I have no excuſe but Loves exceſs;
I did not ſoon enough theſe thoughts produce,
My ſelf I then took pleaſure to ſeduce:
My dazled Eyes were blinded with delight,
And Pow'r and Empire were not then in ſight.
I all thoſe cares did from my Breaſt remove,
And would hear nothing but the Charms of Love.

Ber. Falſe Man! that Pow'r and Empire which you name,
You ſwore you ſought but to protect your flame:
And now your Stars have flatter'd you, muſt I
For the reward of all my kindneſs die?
Oh *Titus! Titus!*——think what 'tis you do——
Muſt *Berenice* be ſlain, and ſlain by you?

Tit. 'Tis true, the guilt I'll to my ſelf aſſume,
And not accuſe the Army, Senate, *Rome*.
It is my Glory governs me alone,
Elſe I by Arms could place you in the Throne.
I know what injury my ſelf I do,
And that I cannot live exil'd from you:
But let me dye, 'tis Glory I decree,
I'll live in an immortal memory;
Succeeding Ages ſhall my Virtues own,
Adore my Aſhes, and my Statues crown,
Whilſt to the World I've an Example ſet,
No Stoick ſhall attempt to imitate.

Ber. Oh unkind Prince! your deſir'd Fame enjoy!
To gain it too, inglorious ways employ:
Leave a renown'd Example when you dye,
But leave another of inconſtancy.
I'll ſtrive no more, I did but ſtay to hear
(What did to me impoſſible appear)
The mouth which ſwore me Love this ſentence ſpeak,
And all paſt Oaths in my own preſence break.
Nay infidelity with pride proclaim,

And boſt on falſhood to erect a Fame;
That immortality ſhall thence begin,
Great deed to ruin an unhappy Queen.
When I am dead, the praiſe of it aſſume,
Let your Crown'd Statues Triumph o're my Tomb;
The Conqueſt muſt immortal Glory gain,
A Queen for loving you, by falſhood ſlain.
Tit. Oh! how you tear me!
Ber. Yes, I may believe
You much for her whom you have ruin'd grieve.
Oh wretched me!——why ſhou'd the beſt of Men, { *Flings her ſelf down in a Chair.*
Whoſe noble nature does the Friendſhip gain
Of his worſt Enemies,——Heav'n not ſo mild,
Who the delight of all the World is ſtil'd,
Of cruelty and falſhood make his boaſt,
Practis'd to wretched me, who Love him moſt?
This, Heav'n! is juſt from thee; I for his Love,
To my Religion did unfaithful prove,
Contemn thy Laws, and for his ſake diſmiſs
All hope or right in future Paradiſe:
And he in fear of Laws, his Faith denies,
And from my Love to future Glory flies;
Only when dead an empty Fame to raiſe,
To live in Braſs, and breath in airy praiſe.
Tit. You break my Heart.
Ber. Farewell, oh cruel Prince!
What you have done, few moments ſhall evince.
I will not croud your way to Glory long,
Nor will I crave Heav'ns vengeance for my wrong.
I wou'd not have him arm in my relief;
Heav'n cou'd I help it ſhou'd not ſee my grief:
No, I'll ſeek vengeance from another place;
I know your Soul, though Cruel, cannot chace
Out of your troubled Thoughts with ſo much eaſe,
My preſent grief, and all paſt kindneſſes;
But when my blood you on the floor ſhall ſee,
Each drop a Dagger to your Heart ſhall be. [*Ex.*
Tit. Oh! let me follow her, ſhe's gone to dye.
Tib. That does not need; her Women, Sir, are nigh,
And they will turn thoſe thoughts out of her breaſt.
Tit. I'm a Barbarian, I my ſelf deteſt;
Nero in Cruelty I have outdone.
Tib. Diſmiſs your ſorrow, Sir, the Day's your own:
Pore not on wounds which at the preſent bleed,
But think of Glories which ſhall ſoon ſucceed.
Tit. Curſt be the Fate ſuch Victories beſtows;
Why ſhou'd proud *Rome* be ſuffer'd to impoſe

On

On Princes ſuch ungrateful things as theſe?
She ſhall not part, let *Rome* ſay what ſhe pleaſe.
Tib. Oh Sir!——
Tit. Ye Gods! I know not what I ſay!
Tib. Come Sir, purſue the Triumphs of the day:
Spur on your ſwift ſucceſs, this rebel Town
Subdu'd, and then you perfect your Renown.
Tit. Talk not to me of fond Renown, the rude
Inconſtant blaſt of the baſe multitude:
Their breaths, nor Souls can ſatisfaction make,
For half the joys I part with for their ſake.
I'll not ſo dear for ſordid flatt'ry give;
Without Renown or Empire I can live,
But not without the Queen; ſhe, only ſhe,
Fame, Empire, Glory, all things is to me.
Go and endeavour to appeaſe her mind,
And ſay, my Love ſhe ſpite of *Rome* ſhall find. [*Ex.*
Tib. Theſe are the ſtrugglings of departing Love;
Th'ill Genius in a tempeſt does remove:
I'll let the ſtorm conſume it ſelf, and then
He'll ſoon the mild *Veſpaſian* be again. [*Ex.*

ACT V.

SCENE *The Palace.*

An Alarm; *Enter* Matthias, Phineas, Sagan.

Mat. ALl's loſt! we are reſign'd to Heathen rage.
Sag. Heav'n in our aid no longer does engage.
Phin. Have we a ſhadow twenty Ages chas'd?
Is all our Faith prov'd a vain Dream at laſt?
Mat. What ſhall we ſay? theſe things our Reaſon poſe:
The more we think, the more our ſelves we loſe.
Our thoughts we never can in order place;
They dance, like Atoms, in a boundleſs ſpace.
Sag. Let's think no more, but make a ſwift retreat
To ſome ſtrong place, where during the fierce heat
Of Rage and Slaughter, we may ſhelter take,
And for our ſelves at leaſt Conditions make.
Phin. This Tower where your Daughter keeps, is ſtrong,
And may, with ſome Proviſions, hold out long.
Mat. Life now is much the leaſt of all my cares;
But of Heav'ns bounty no good Man deſpairs.
Clarona.—— [Clarona *appears in the Balcony.*
Clar. Ha! my Fathers voice I hear!
'Tis he! Oh! this diſperſes all my fear. [*Exit.*
Mat.

Mat. Daughter!——she answers not! Oh! I begin
To tremble! all I fear's not well within! [*Knock.*

Enter Clarona.

Clar. My Father here! I scarce can speak for joy!
I by degrees did all my Guards employ
To seek and aid you; but of all I sent,
Not one return'd; that all my patience spent,
Of Guards forsaken, looking ev'ry hour
For bloody Foes, and nothing in the Tow'r
But my poor trembling Women here, and I,
I was resolv'd to seek you out, and dye.

Enter Phedra, *running.*

Phed. Hast, Sir, the Rebels come; you'll be too late!
I saw 'em from the Tow'r; they're at the Gate!
They're come! I heard the Murd'rers call for you.
Mat. Pursu'd by *Romans*, and by Rebels too!
Base Wretches! with what danger, guilt and pains,
They purchase Misery, Dishonour, Chains;
Total Destruction! It is fit we dye,
We fight and hinder them of Slavery.

Enter John, *and Pharisees.*

Joh. Kill! kill! their Idol's gone: They can repair
No longer to their *Parthian* Lucifer.

John Eleazar, *&c. force into the Tower. An Alarm.*
Enter Matthias, Phineas, Sagan, Clarona, Phedra, *pursu'd.* Phineas, Sagan, *fall dead*; Matthias *wounded.*

Mat. For this I thank thee; thou hast set me free
From having share in all that misery
Thy wickedness does on thy Country bring.
Joh. No; the vile *Achan*, the accursed thing
That made us stink, and all our Prayers prove
Offence to Heav'n, we from the Land remove.
Thou, wanton Idol, who our Land has stain'd
With Pagan Love, and all our Race prophan'd,
Shalt perish too. [*Wounds* Clarona.
Elea. By thy allurements led,
That Savage Boar much blood of Saints has shed.
[*An Alarm, and Shout.*]
Hark, an Alarm! [John *and* Elea. *looks out.*
Joh. The *Roman* Troops are near!
Elea. And *Parthian* Banners in the Streets appear!
Joh. I fear that curs'd Dragon King is come!
He plagues us more than all the Pow'r of *Rome.*
[*Exeunt* John, Eleazar, *and Pharisees.*
Mat.

Ma. Oh, Daughter! do you bleed?
Clar. Too ſlow, I do:
But, Sir, I hope to fall aſleep with you.
Mat. The ſight oppreſſes Nature; but my Mind,
Does from thy Piety true comfort find.
Our Temple, Nation, Glory, Faith are gone;
And what wou'dſt thou do in the World alone?
When dead we ſhall behold within the Scenes,
What this dark Riddle of our Deſtruction means.
I try to ſound this depth, but have not Line;
Thick gloomy Miſts encompaſs things Divine:
Poor human underſtandings they deſpiſe;
Vainly proud Man endeavours to be wiſe.
Come, Daughter, follow my Cœleſtial part,
haſte to be more an Angel than thou art. [*Dyes.*
Clar. The Light, the Splendor of our Nation's gone,
A brighter in our Firmament ne're ſhone.
In this one gallant Man does ſlaughter'd lye
Truth, Wiſdom, Valour, Learning, Piety.
This Tax, as Nature's Subject, I muſt pay, [*Weeps.*
The little time I in her Empire ſtay:
My wound, I hope, will liberty beſtow;
For if not Mortal, grief will make it ſo.
How to the Tow'r ſhall I convey theſe dear
Sacred remains?
Phed. I ſee ſome Souldiers near,
Perhaps they may be of our Friends.
Clar. Go try; { [*Exit.* Phed. *and re-enters with Souldiers.*
Beg of 'em this laſt Act of Charity.
My Father from my arms went up to Joy,
Now in his cold embraces I will dye.
[*Exit, led by* Phed. *and Souldiers, ſome carrying off* Matth.

An Alarm; *Enter* Phraartes *and* Monobaſus.

Monob. Whilſt you *Clarona* ſearch, I'le ſtill alarm
The Foe, and keep our Souldiers Courage warm.
Phraar. Does thy raſh Youth at length its error ſee?
But few hours ſince, with fooliſh bravery
Thou wert thy Rival's Buckler, and didſt prove
So kind to ſave him to enjoy thy love.
My tenderneſs to thee has ruin'd both:
But that thy Youth I pity'd, and was loth
So many blooming hopes at once to ſhed,
Thy Rival, and our troubles, had been dead.
Monob. I to attain the Queen did long deſpair,

o plac'd my happineſs in ſerving her.
Phr. Never contemn thy ſelf; he who will have
Fortune or Women love him, muſt be brave.
Women are apt to err: that beauteous She
Who thinks her ſelf too good, or fair for me,
Shall be too fair for all the world beſide,
And take up all her pleaſure in her pride.
But throw away deſpair, for I am here;
The Queen is thine, thy happineſs is near:
Thy Rival ſhall in Chains thy Nuptials grace,
And thou his Miſtreſs in his Tent embrace.
Be gone; I'le follow.——When I parted hence, *Exit* Monob.
My love I truſted to this Tow'rs defence.
Ha! the Gates open!——and no Guard within!
I fear this curſed Tow'r has faithleſs been:
If it has, let but any Air, or ſound
Offend her, I will burn it to the ground. *Exit.*

A Bed plac'd, a Lamp by it. Enter Clarona *led by* Phedra. *She lies down on the Bed.*

Clar. Death, I attend thy coming; for I now
Have finiſh'd all I have to do below.
I hear a noiſe: the ecchoing Chambers ring [*Trampling within.*
With ſounds confus'd.

Phedra *runs out, and returns.*

Phed. Madam, it is the King.
Clar. And ſhall *Clarona* ſee him e're ſhe dyes?
Is ſuch a bleſſing granted to my eyes?

Enter Phraartes.

Phr. Silence, and darkneſs! all's not well, I fear;——
I ſhake!——
Clar. My Lord!——
Phr. Her Heav'nly voice I hear!——
Now to a gentle calm my paſſions fall,
That Divine Muſick has appeas'd 'em all.
My Love!——to thy Embraces let me haſte; [*Embraces.*
That this to all Eternity might laſt.
But ha! thou ſigh'ſt and weep'ſt! what doſt thou aile?
Art thou not well? thy cheeks are cold and pale!——
Eaſe, eaſe my Soul, for I diſtracted grow!——
The cauſe of all this pompous ſorrow ſhow!
Why is this Lamp, this Solitude, this Bed?

Speak,

Speak, e're I fall in thy embraces dead.
Clar. Inſatiable eyes, give o're, give o're;
One cloſe and greedy look, and then no more.
Phr. What talk is this?
Clar. No longer to detain
Your wandring thoughts, ſee there my Father ſlain.——
And the ſame bloody weapon pierc'd my breaſt,
Which ſent his Soul to everlaſting reſt.
Phr. Plagues! tortures! death on all by whom 'twas done!
And me, from your defence for being gone!
This has exceeded all that I cou'd fear.——
And ſee!——blood!——blood is ſprinkled ev'ry where!
Where is the wound whoſe fatal ſpring does feed
This purple River!——run for help with ſpeed!——
Millions of Gold to any one for aid!——
Confuſion!——why is not my will obey'd?
Clar. I have had all the help that skill can give.
Phr. Is there no hopes!
Clar. Moſt certain hopes.
Phr. To live!
Clar. To live.
Phr. Oh joy!
Clar. My joys indeed are near;
Ever to live in Heav'n, no longer here.
Phr. Is that your life?—I fear'd that pleaſing tale [*Aſide.*
Of Heav'n, at laſt wou'd over love prevail.
Man is a fooliſh Pamphlet, full of Lyes;
Lyes are his hopes, and Lyes are all his joys:
Some promiſe him to come, and ſome to ſtay;
Thoſe never come, and theſe fly faſt away.
Clar. Oh! how much love and Excellence I leave!
Phr. Oh! how much ſweetneſs ſhall the Grave receive!
Clar. How is my way to Death with pleaſures ſtrew'd!
That I cou'd ſtay for ever on the Road;
For ever, ever, ſlumber on this breaſt:
I'm huſh't with Muſick to my long——long——reſt.
My belov'd Lord——farewel—— [*dyes.*
Phr. She dyes!——ſhe dyes!——
Speak once again! open once more thoſe eyes!
Phraartes ſpeaks to thee!——ſhe's fled——ſhe's fled——
And her pale Picture left me in her ſtead.
This——this is all of her that I muſt have——
And this is too the portion of the Grave.
---Away with tears!---this fond---this womaniſh floud!——
One kiſs!---and then---to blood---revenge---and blood. [*Kiſſes.*
Charms!---conqu'ring charms in death!---hence with her, hence!

For I begin to wander from my Senſe! ——
Where are thoſe lying Prieſts, that hang the Graves
With Maps of future Worlds? — Shew me, you Slaves,
Theſe Lands of Ghoſts! —— Where is *Clarona* gone? [*Grows mad.*
Aloft! — I ſee her mounting to the Sun! ——
The flaming Satyr towards her does roul,
His Scorching Luſt makes Summer at the Pole.
Let the hot Planet touch her if he dares! ——
Touch her, and I will cut him into Stars,
And the bright chips into the Ocean throw! ——
—— Oh! my ſick brain! —— Where is *Phraartes* now?
Gone from himſelf! —— Who ſhall his Senſe reſtore?
None, none, for his *Clarona* is no more! ——

Enter Monobaſus.

Monob. Haſt hence, Sir! all's on fire! Heav'n rains it down,
Sends Troops of flame to prey upon the Town!
A Legion now the Temple round beſets,
Thick drops of Gold the falling building ſweats.
The *Romans* ſtrive with ſtreams of *Jewiſh* blood
To quench the fire, but 'twill not be withſtood.
A Divine fury on the Flame has ſeiz'd,
It claims the Pile, and will not be appeas'd.
The curſed *Jews* a League with it have made,
And to deſtroy the *Romans* lend it aid;
That a ſtrange mixture now you may behold,
Rivers of Fire, of Blood, and liquid Gold.
Phraar. I thank the Fire, it does revenge my wrong;
I'le go and guide its rav'nous Troops along,
And all the plunder I can find beſtow ——
And wiſh the World I in its arms cou'd throw. ——
Ruine from hence the Univerſe invade! ——
My light is ſet in an Eternal ſhade.
Look in and ſee my wretched meaning there ——
Monob. *Clarona* Pale and Slumbring does appear. [*Looks in.*
Phraar. Dead! dead! —— gone out; that dark and fatal door
Which once lock'd on us, never opens more;
That vaniſht light no more on me ſhall ſhine,
Now I'le prepare her Fun'ral Pomp and mine.
The *Macedonian* King but to the ſhade
Of a dead Friend, whole Cities offerings made,
Waſted whole Provinces, Whole Nations ſlew;
Then what ſhould I for a ſlain Miſtreſs do?
Something I'le do, but what I cannot tell,
My mighty thoughts 'bove all expreſſion ſwell.

[*Offers*

[*Offers to go,* Monobasus *stays him.*]

Mon. Oh stay, Sir! I have lost a Mistress too,——
And want Revenge and Death as well as you.
Embassadors this moment Tidings bring,
My Royal Brother's dead, and I'm a King.
I sent 'em back, and gave my Crown away,
And here to die with you on purpose stay;
For I less Glory judge it, and judge true,
To govern Kingdoms, than to die with you.
Phr. Gallant young King!——let me your welcome give
To our high Rank!——much Honour we receive,
Which I am sorry we so soon shou'd lose.
But since to share my destiny you chuse,
I will not seek to do your Glory wrong:
No, you shall die with me,——then come along,——
Our Persons, Fames, and Glories we will bear,
To live and reign, we know not how nor where.
In better Company we cannot go;
We dare the utmost of our Fortunes know:
Plunge into deeps and never be perplext,
Be Kings this moment, and be nothing next. [*Ex.*

The Scene the Temple burning, fill'd with Jews *lamenting.*

Om. Oh!——our Temple!——our Temple!——
1. *Jerusalem*'s lost!—that Heav'n shou'd this permit!
This Queen of Nations now in dust must sit.

Enter John *and* Eleazar.

Ele. What shall we do? the fire does raging grow,
And streams of People to the *Romans* flow.
Joh. I've Prophets hir'd, who shall deliv'rance cry,
And death to all that to the *Romans* fly.

Enter two Prophets.

1 *Pro.* Lift up your heads, ye People! for this hour
Salvation comes, from Heav'n the seat of Pow'r.
2 *Pro.* Salvation comes! a flaming Sword she bears!
Woe for partakers with Idolaters.

Enter

Enter a Phariſee.

Phar. Haſte, haſte! deliv'rance on our Swords does wait!
The *Roman* Tyrant at the Golden Gate
In perſon, with a Legion of his Guard,
With Fire encompaſs'd, is from flight debarr'd.
Joh. Fall on; and leſt the Pagan ſhou'd retire,
Set the North Chambers of the Prieſts on fire. [*Exeunt.*

An Alarm; *Enter* Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, *and* Antiochus.

Tib. Gods! at what raſh deſign does *Cæſar* aim,
To plunge himſelf thus deep in Blood and Flame?
Tit. Oh ſave this Building!
Mal. Sir, all hopes are paſt,
The mounted flame does keep his Seat too faſt.
Ant. Beſides, the Dogs do their own Temple burn,
Theſe fiery Spears againſt our Breaſts to turn.

An Alarm; *Enter an Officer.*

Offic. Haſte, haſte, Sir, Succours to your Legions bring,
They fall in Crowds before the *Parthian* King.
On yonder burning Mount, which all commands,
He like another flaming Mountain ſtands;
And fights, and kills, with rage ſo much above
All that is Man, the *Romans* think him *Jove.*
Some cry for Mercy, ſome by Terrour fall;
By Fear, by Fire, and him, they periſh all.
Tit. That triple League no longer ſhall ſucceed;
The King, the mighty Chief of it, with ſpeed
Shall be undeify'd by my own hands:
While I aſcend with the *Prætorian* Bands,
Tiberius, King *Antiochus*, and you
The Rebels in the upper Tow'r ſubdue.
Rebellion there has long my Pow'r defy'd,
But I will wound him now on ev'ry ſide:
Cut off that *Hydra*'s head all at a blow,
That no more new ones in the ſtead may grow. [*Ex.*

After an Alarm within, enter Malchus *and* Tiberius *meeting.*

Mal. To *Cæſar* haſte, with all the ſpeed you can,
The *Parthian* King is ſomething more than Man;
At leaſt he is in League with Pow'rs Divine,
For Heav'n and Earth in his aſſiſtance joyn:

Voices

Voices are heard, and Visions seen i'th' Air,
Thunder and Lightning to his aid repair.
Tib. Strange things you tell; and which does yet encrease
My wonder more, the strange and sudden Peace
Is made between the *Parthian* King and Gods:
'Tis not long since they were at mortal odds. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene is drawn, and Phraartes, Monobasus, *and their followers are seen defending a high Rocky Mount. The* Romans *oft attempt to Scale it, but are beaten down by great Stones flung on their heads:* Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, Antiochus, *come to their assistance, Scale the Mount, and after some opposition ascend and take it. After a fight upon the Mount, the Scene closes. A shout of Triumph. The Scene changes to the Town. Enter* Titus, Tiberius, Malchus, Antiochus.

Tit. This loud and open flattery forbear,
This publick impudence; I hate to wear
A Robe of Glory which is not my own,
And tread on ashes which I ought to Crown.
Tib. The *Parthian* Monarch's valour all must own;
But that does add the more to your Renown,
Whose greater valour conquer'd so much odds.
The King, the Fire, the Thunder, and the Gods.
Tit. Vain-glorious falshood still, and flatt'ry all;
He fell by Gods, by Gods alone cou'd fall.
At first the Gods against the *Romans* fought;
As they the Glory to destroy him sought,
For whom the whole World's Empire was too small,
Who was too great by mortal hands to fall.
Tib. I'm sure the Visions help'd him while they stay'd.
Tit. They did; but he, contemning of their aid,
Enrag'd they intermedled with his Fame,
Chasing us, sunk in Ambuscades of flame,
The Gods had laid, to save their Favorite, *Rome*:
Yet scarce durst stay to execute their doom,
But flung the burning Temple on his head;
Then straight for shelter to their Heav'n they fled:
Thus down alive into the shades he fell,
And stead of dying, he invaded Hell.
Tib. Cæsar this vast Revenue of Renown
May give away, and not impair his own.
Your Eagles now, Great Sir, their wings have spread
O're all the Town, and struck Rebellion dead.
See, Mighty Sir, beneath your feet in Chains,
The torn dissected Monster's last remains.
This bloody Villain, Hunger;—this, surprise
[*Pointing to* John *and* Eleazar.

Drove

Drove from ſtrong Vaults, that might all force deſpiſe.
Ant. With theſe, ſome thouſand Captives, Sir, are torn
From their Retreats, your Triumph to adorn.
The noble *Jews* in Battel choſe to fall,
And bravely with their Country periſh'd all.
Tib. Of all the ſlain the numbers to compute,
The numb'ring Art of Rules is deſtitute:
The Earth cannot ſuffice the dead for Graves,
Nor Iron Mines yield Chains enough for Slaves.
Tit. Theſe Slaves ſhall ſatisfie me for this guilt,
And for the blood of all their Nation ſpilt:
Conduct 'em hence, and Guard 'em to their doom,
They ſhall be publick ſpectacles in *Rome*;
Firſt wait on my Triumphal Chariot there,
Then in a ſpacious Amphitheatre
I'll for this Triumph build, be all enclos'd,
And to wild Beaſts in open view expos'd.
Tib. Now Sir, that none of their ſurviving Race,
(As ſome will from your clemency find grace)
In after Ages may their fancies pleaſe,
With hopes from double meaning Propheſies,
The plaineſt ſenſe of 'em we will diſplay,
And in their ears fulfill 'em all to day.
Beſides the heaps wherewith their Scrouls abound,
On an old Tow'r we an Inſcription found,
Where it was writ,—One day in *Jewiſh* Land
A man ſhall riſe, who ſhall the World command.
Theſe fooliſh Slaves apply'd the Gods intent
To their baſe Nation, which to you was meant.
On you, Sir, it ſhall be fulfill'd this hour,
You are proclaim'd that mighty Emperour.

A Shout.

Om. Long live *Titus Veſpaſian*, Emperour of *Rome*!
Tit. My thanks to all my Troops; I'll grateful prove
For all their Valour, Loyalty, and Love.
Oh! now I have receiv'd the fatal blow,
And muſt from Love to worlds of Glory go:
Leaving all joys for ever out of ſight,
Which gave my Soul in th' other ſtate delight.
Where is the Queen? my promiſe I forget,
For I muſt ſee, perhaps retain her yet.
Tib. Great Sir, (as I have been inform'd) diſpleas'd.
You ſtay'd ſo long, ſhe has her rage appeas'd,
And all her ſorrow chang'd into diſdain,

Lamenting

Lamenting moſt, ſhe did ſo much complain.
She now for ever has renounc'd your ſight,
And is preparing for a ſpeedy flight.
Ant. Not far from hence, her Train and Chariots ſtay.
Mal. And ſee, ſhe's vail'd, and coming, Sir, this way.

Enter Berenice *and* Semandra.

Tit. Ah, Madam! whither———
Ber. Trouble me no more.
Tit. I but one word, one look from you implore.
Ber. Pray, Sir, retire.
Tit. Whence does this change ariſe?
Ber. Why talk you, Sir, with one you ſo deſpiſe?
You have attain'd the Empire you deſire,
To the applauſes of your Troops retire:
The Muſick which did ſo delight your ears,
And raviſh you, whilſt I lay drown'd in tears,
Let 'em once more their cruel joy repeat;
Though wherein I have ever giv'n ſo great
Offence to all your Troops, I cannot tell,
Except it was in loving you too well.
Tit. Oh, Madam! do you mind a fooliſh Crowd?
Ber. They ſpeak their Emperor's ſenſe too plain, and loud;
And whom you ſlight, they ſurely may contemn.
Go, Sir, you have attain'd the Diadem
So long deſir'd and ſought; obſervant be
To all your Laws, and be not ſeen with me.
I'm going now your orders to obey,
And ſhall not long afflict you with my ſtay.
Tit. Oh! to my Love you great injuſtice do;
Do I prefer th'Imperial Throne to you?
Ber. Why elſe to Baniſhment muſt I be ſent?
Tit. Oh! Gods! and ſee you not my great conſtraint,
By what ſtrong Maxims I am Captive led,
What Pikes and Javelins guard th'Imperial Bed?
And it were yet more baſeneſs to ſubmit,
And for the ſake of Love, the Empire quit;
That were a folly nothing con'd redeem,
For Love, to loſe your Love and your Eſteem.
You wou'd look back and bluſh, to ſee your Chains
Drag after you the wretched ſmall remains
Of a poor Emperour deſpis'd, forlorn,
Whom you in Honour wou'd be forc'd to ſcorn.
Ber. Theſe are great Maxims, Sir, it is confeſt,
Too ſtately for a womans narrow breaſt.

Poor Love is loſt in mens capacious minds;
In ours it fills up all the room it finds.
I cannot tell what Glories you purſue,
I'd quit the Empire of the World for you.
Tit. And, Madam, what for you wou'd I refuſe?
But poorly Empire and Renown to loſe,
Were all thoſe juſt pretences to forſake,
I to ſo brave a heart as yours can make;
So giving Fame for Love, ſhould forfeit both,
For, Madam, ſay, wou'd not your Spirit loath,
An abject Prince, who ſhould ſuch meanneſs ſhow,
He poorly ſhould for Love to Exile go?
Yet this inglorious Exile I muſt chuſe,
Or Throne, Life, Glory, You, and all muſt loſe.
Ber. No, you ſhall loſe no Glory for my ſake,
I nothing from you, but my ſelf, will take:
With too much flame I love *Veſpaſian* ſtill,
To let him bear for me the leaſt of ill.
So great a Love for you my heart contains,
I'd go to *Rome* with you a Slave in Chains;
But think it hard you ſhould my Love requite,
With driving me for ever from your ſight.
Tit. Muſt my Misfortunes ſtill my Crimes be thought?
Oh! Gods! in what diſtractions am I brought?
Ber. You of your own diſtractions can complain;
But mine, though greater, I lament in vain.
Say all your grief is more than a pretence,
You have Renown your loſs to recompence,
And by your own free choice your ſelf undo;
But I am into Exile ſent by you.
Deſpis'd, forlorn, diſgrac'd, inglorious made,
Nothing in my obſcure and mournful ſhade
To comfort me, for all the wrongs I bear,
But death,——whoſe aid I will not long defer.

[*Offers to go out in a paſſion, but is ſtopt by* Titus.]

Tit. What do you threat me with?——ſtrive not in vain,
You ſhall not ſtir whilſt theſe ſad thoughts remain.
This ſhall not be the Tragical event
Of parting:——ſtay, unleſs 'tis your intent
I ſhould at farewell ſome revenge afford,
And at your feet fall dead upon my Sword.
If ever you would kind to me appear,
If ever *Titus* to the Queen was dear,
Or to my life any regard you bear,

Do not part from me in this ſad deſpair.
Beren. I can deny you nothing; I will ſtill
Live and be wretched, ſince it is your will.
I hope though I to Exile muſt remove,
I am not wholly baniſh'd from your Love.
The Laws of *Rome* do not their Emp'rour bind,
At once to chaſe me from his ſight, and Mind:
And 'tis no Fundamental Rule of State,
Of a poor Queen the Memory to hate.
Tit. I hate your Memory! —— Oh moſt unkind!
Why with theſe words do you afflict my Mind?
The thought of you is all the Joy (Heav'n knows!)
I in my glorious Baniſhment propoſe.
Since the firſt hour my heart to love did bow,
It never felt ſuch tenderneſs as now; ——
Witneſs theſe tears —— [*Weeps.*
Beren. Oh Sir! theſe are not due! ——
An Emp'rour weep! —— And muſt I pity you?
Shew me leſs Love, that I may part with eaſe.
Tit. Oh! Gods! who thought of theſe extremities!
Beren. Who could have thought a love ſo chaſt as mine,
So great, ſo pure, ſo void of all deſign,
Should ſo unfortunate to me have prov'd?
Wou'd I had never ſeen or never lov'd.

She pauſes to weep, and then proceeds.

Well Sir, your Sorrow kindly I reſent;
So kindly that I'le go to Baniſhment:
Since till I'm gone unhappy you muſt be,
I will make room for your felicity.
Let Pow'r *Veſpaſian* to her ſelf enjoy,
I will not enviouſly by ſtay deſtroy
So great advancement of th' Imperial Throne,
Better one Queen, than the whole World undone.
And for your future Peace, I will provide
Some Cave this troubler of the World ſhall hide,
Where I till death will love you as before,
But never interrupt your Glory more. [*Exit.*
Tit. Oh! I am loſt! ——
Tib. Now the great Combate's done,
All danger's over, and the day's your own.
Altars and Temples now. ——
Tit. Oh! I deſpiſe
Thoſe flatt'ring Pomps, and ſplendid Mockeries,
Where I am worſhipt like a Pow'r Divine,

And

And yet all hearts are free to love but mine.
My ſelf I'le longer on the wrack retain,
And at her Chariot ſee her once again;
Then gaze till wide and ſpacious Seas of Air
Drown the laſt view, and then for death prepare;
I mean that tedious death, which men wou'd fain,
Gild with the ſpecious title of a Reign.
Prepare to march by the approach of day,
I hate in this abandon'd place to ſtay,
Where I am hourly with the thoughts purſu'd
Of the Queens tears, and my Ingrâtitude.

[*Ex.*

FINIS.